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29th Year

June 1, 1955

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FORTHCOMING: An essay on Picabia by the painter **Philip Pearlstein** . . . a critical essay on the forthcoming Tanguy-deChirico exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art.

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June 1, 1955

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A Critic's Notebook: IV

by Margaret Breuning



Margaret Breuning

One effect of the Armory Show was the founding, in 1917, of the Society of Independent Artists, incorporated under the presidency of William J. Glackens. Its object was to afford the American artist greater freedom of expression through no-jury, no-prizes exhibitions. The only requirements for exhibitors were an initiation fee of \$1 and annual dues of \$5. The exhibitions were held first at the Waldorf-Astoria, then on West 43rd Street, finally settling down in the Grand Central Palace Galleries, under the aegis of its secretary, A. S. Baylinson, who for many years assumed the responsibility of assembling and organizing the exhibitions, giving unstinted energy and time to this task.

An important activity of the Society was the opportunity it gave to the young artist to show his work. At the present moment that would seem to be an act of supererogation, for the young artist now occupies the limelight in the art world. Whether he has had any artistic training does not matter, if he has paints and has something to paint on—brushes are not indispensable, for "dripping" is an accepted contemporary technique—galleries and museums clamor for his output. But in 1917, the young and unknown artist had no means of bringing his work before the public, as galleries were for the established painter and sculptor, and as for museums, iron curtains are not a recent invention. In the Independent exhibitions, he was able to display his efforts and receive critical comment.

Eventually, quantity rather than quality prevailed, as the size of the exhibitions grew by leaps and bounds, reaching a total of more than 2,000 items in the 18th annual showing. World War II cut heavily into the list of exhibitors, while some important financial aid was withdrawn. In 1943, a much smaller exhibition was held in the Hall of Fame, and in 1944 the swan song showing in the Fine Arts Society Building proclaimed the ending of an organization that had performed valiant service through the years.

The initial impulse toward effecting an important event, the founding of the Museum of Modern Art, was also due primarily to the Armory Show. Miss Lizzie Bliss had visited it curiously. She continued to visit, studying and enjoying modern art and buying it. Her later gift of paintings and sculptures was the nucleus of the museum's permanent collection. She held conversations with artists on the possibilities of presenting modern art continuously to the public. This apparently chimerical dream assumed tangible form when Miss Bliss joined forces with Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This trio of women not only had a vision of a much-needed establishment,

but also practical ideas for its realization. They secured the cooperation of Conger Goodyear, who, as a former museum president in Buffalo, had displayed inspirational leadership. With this support, the roster gained the important additions of Mrs. Murray Crane, Frank Crownshield and Dr. Paul J. Sachs.

When the founders applied for a charter, they defined the aim of the institution as the "encouragement and development of modern art, and the application of such art to manufacture and practical life." With Alfred H. Barr as director and Jere Abbott as associate, the museum opened in November 1929, in rooms in the Heckscher Building on Fifth Avenue. The first showing was an ambitious one: paintings by Cézanne, Van Gogh, Seurat, and Gauguin, the ancestors of modern art. Group and one-man shows followed. In two years the rented rooms were found inadequate and the museum moved to a house on West 53rd Street, the "Mansion," where murals, easel paintings by both American and foreign artists and a display of machine art were shown. Again more space was needed and a migration took place to the Time-Life Building, at Rockefeller Center. In 1939 its permanent building was completed, an imposing modern structure allowing of its multitudinous activities in the art field, among them displays of architectural design, classes for adults and children, a library with clipping files, photographs and lantern slides.

Ladies and the Armory Show appear to be inextricably associated, for Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney not only contributed generously to it, but from it gained the conviction that foreign art was getting a better deal than our native product. An artist herself, she was always interested in artists' problems, particularly in the difficulties that young artists found in placing their work before the public. Having established herself in a studio in Macdougall Street in 1907, she had artists as neighbors and friends and soon realized their needs. Some small exhibitions were held there, but finding it too limited for this purpose, she converted a house, in 1914, to a gallery, the Whitney Studio. The following year she founded The Friends of Young Artists, which exhibited at the studio. This organization was the germ

Continued on page 31

Spectrum by Jonathan Marshall

Thoughts on the Past Season

The past art season stands out as a particularly active one. We are left with a feeling of optimism and an impression of new vitality. At the same time we feel that the art world is undergoing a period of profound change.

From coast to coast there has been a rash of anniversaries occasioning major exhibition events. These included the Pennsylvania Academy's 150th anniversary, the Albright Museum's 50th, as well as silver anniversaries at the Modern and Baltimore museums. In addition, there appear to have been more important exhibitions of foreign masters throughout the country than usual. Perhaps this is due to the increasing art interest in what was formerly called the hinterland.

Our correspondence indicates a continued rapid growth in museum and gallery attendance, and—equally important—a growth in the number of collectors. Most galleries have announced with enthusiasm that both their attendance and sales have gone up, and for a change few galleries have closed. We also notice an increased number of galleries springing up in small cities, and new wings being added to old museums.

The fact that art is no longer the untouchable domain of mystery, inhabited exclusively by millionaires and "eccentrics" (the artists), has helped to create the new audience. Gradually the realization has dawned that art is now accessible to all. The transformation has been helped by the mass media magazines' acceptance of art as a valid feature subject; by Abrams' low cost art Pocket Books; by IGAS's (International Graphic Arts Society) distribution of low cost prints; and primarily by alert museum and school programs.

In addition to this rapidly increasing interest, there seems to be a growing awareness that American art is as good, if not better, than that of any other nation. No longer are we step-children of foreign art centers. We do not look abroad for leadership, for we have matured and have our own. It is true that we have had our Whistler, Hartley, Ryder, Marin, Maurer, Blakelock, Homer, and on, *ad infinitum*, but they are only now receiving their true recognition. Our contemporary artists, unlike their predecessors, do not have to wait the passage of time for their plaudits. Their maturity and creativity are recognized, and we feel that their work is more meaningful than that of their colleagues in other lands.

Although American art is gaining deserved recognition at last, the market has not changed significantly. Perhaps the change will be slower because of investments in foreign masters. The important fact, nevertheless, is that new collectors are buying, and they are buy-

ing the work of living Americans.

Along with these changes there appears to be a change taking place in style. The prevalence of abstraction remains among professionals, but colors seem stronger, elements of objective reality are used more frequently, and the reliance on mere texture is being de-emphasized. We would say that the many modes of abstraction are being used more maturely. A fusion, or middle ground, which may ultimately be the greatest contribution of contemporary art, has been observable in the recent work of several veterans as well as young artists.

The list of new talent that appeared this season is too long to enumerate here. It suffices to say that the level of work by artists having their first one-man shows continues to be high. It is to be hoped that this indicates more careful selection by dealers, whose responsibility is great. The steadily increasing number of artists seeking to exhibit makes the dealers' evaluative role more difficult and more important. Yearly it becomes harder to draw the line between professionals and the growing list of amateurs who study seriously. Although, of course, there are exceptions, by and large dealers appear to be growing more aware of the need to maintain standards of quality and maturity for new exhibitors. Mere novelty and shock effect is not justification for an exhibition.

Leisure time has continued to stimulate more interest in the art world. This is reflected in museum and gallery attendance, the growing number of collectors and the expanding amateur movement. For years professional groups in other fields have had art committees, but they are increasing in number and activity. Recently, for example, we visited the annual art exhibition by members of the New York Bar Association. Paintings varied from trite, self-conscious hobby attempts to serious, highly-skilled work. Groups like this, and like the small art associations, play an important part in the nation's cultural life, and are an important adjunct to the art world.

"The cultural scene," that vague term, appears brighter than last year. In addition to economic gains and the greater popular interest in art, there is more tolerance and more government interest. It is true that, as of this writing, no bill creating an active Federal art program has passed Congress. Nevertheless, our legislators sound more responsive, and support for the various bills introduced has grown. Perhaps the day is not too far distant when our government will recognize that the arts are our best ambassadors and that museums and foundations alone should not have to carry the burden of an international art program.

Perhaps the most important cultural gain during the past few months is in the field of tolerance. Name calling has not disappeared, but McCarthyism has definitely lost ground. There is more of an air of freedom; fear no longer hangs over creative activity as it did a few months ago. This, more than anything else that has happened recently, is a cause for optimism and rejoicing. Arts can only flourish in a free society. This climate exists in America today, which is one reason why we can now exert a cultural leadership.



Peter Lipman-Wulf: *The First Child*

Sculpture Stolen

Another work of art has been stolen! We fail to understand how anyone who supposedly wants art for his collection or home can do this. It is truly a form of perversion.

The latest case is reported by Margaret Lowengrund, director of the Contemporaries Gallery. The sculpture (see illustration) disappeared from the gallery at the end of March. The piece, by Peter Lipman-Wulf, is Brazilian rosewood and is 14 inches high. Any information as to its whereabouts should be sent to us or the gallery immediately.

Apparently art is no more immune to robbery than anything else. Although stolen art cannot easily be disposed of, dishonest people are still tempted. In order to prevent similar occurrences, it behooves us to publicize and be constantly alert.

Summer Schedule is Monthly

As summer approaches, we begin thinking about vacations—yes, we take them too, but ARTS DIGEST does not. As most of our readers know, this is the only magazine in the field that is published through the summer; however, June through September the schedule is once a month. Each year we receive troubled letters from readers who forget, and so this reminder.

Young Painters in Rome

by Dore Ashton

Since the Renaissance, the Western art world has had a drive to assess, to hallmark each century's production, but the drive has probably never been so frenetic as it has in our own century. (The desire to "sum things up" always becomes more intense when doing it seems impossible.) The instinct to find a name and a proper place for things is germane in the critic or the art historian, but lately it has been bothering the artists as well. Everybody wants to settle things once and for all—and this is the more ironic given the present condition of rapid flux. Yet, during the past year in Europe there have been countless exhibitions sponsored by governments, art critics and even the artists themselves, specifically—and somehow sadly—aimed at defining the current "situation" in art.

One more exhibition has been added to the list with the current "Young Painters" show organized in Rome by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Wisely, the show attempts no summaries. It is designed, according to a catalogue statement, to pose questions of similarity and divergence. But it does not suggest the answers. Significantly, there is no mention made of a "common language" in abstract art. All conclusions are left to the viewer, and except for the natural similarities in taste—a generational factor—and the superficial similarity in the "abstract" painters, there are few valid conclusions to be drawn. The organizing committee deserves a bravo for that!

Each of the eight countries represented was assigned a delegate who selected from his country a group of young painters, all born after the First World War. (Delegates were: Jean Cassou, chief curator of the Museum of Modern Art in Paris; Robert Giron, director general of the Brussels Palais de Beaux-Arts; Palma Bucarelli, director of Rome's Museum of Modern Art and Professor Lionello Venturi; Sir John Rothenstein, director and keeper of the Tate Gallery in London; Dr. A. N. Hammacher, director of the Kröller-Müller Museum, Holland; Rene Wehrli, director of the Zurich Kunsthau in Switzerland; and Professor L. Reide-meister, Museum Eigelsteintorburg, Koln, Germany.) Obviously, since each was a one-man decision, the representations are personal and not always fair. But judging from what I have seen in each country, I would say that only the French division, which is blatantly bad, gives a totally misleading impression. The distinguished selection committee, augmented with Sir Herbert Read, converged in Rome to decide about the three prizes of 1,000 Swiss francs each, and, according to one juror, there was little disagreement. Their prizes (to Gianni Dova of Italy, Alan Reynolds of Great Britain and John Hultberg of the United States), which were designated on the basis of the several works of each rather than for a single painting, reflect a merger of prudence and spirit; but they can, as always, be seriously questioned.

Although as I said, there are no real possibilities for definite summation in this show, one can cut across national lines and discover dominant approaches. Or better, one can define personalities. There are, for example, a number of introspective, searching personalities here whose work bears the unmistakable stamp of seriousness. For the most part, the young painters in this group seem to be seeking essences, not images. Although they sometimes use oblique symbolism, as in the case of Joseph Glasco, the youngest exhibitor, what these artists are really hoping to celebrate in their paintings is their understanding of deep feelings of mystery, wonder and even despair. Sometimes these feelings are directly related to exterior phenomena, which I think is the case with Richard Diebenkorn of California, who would be my choice

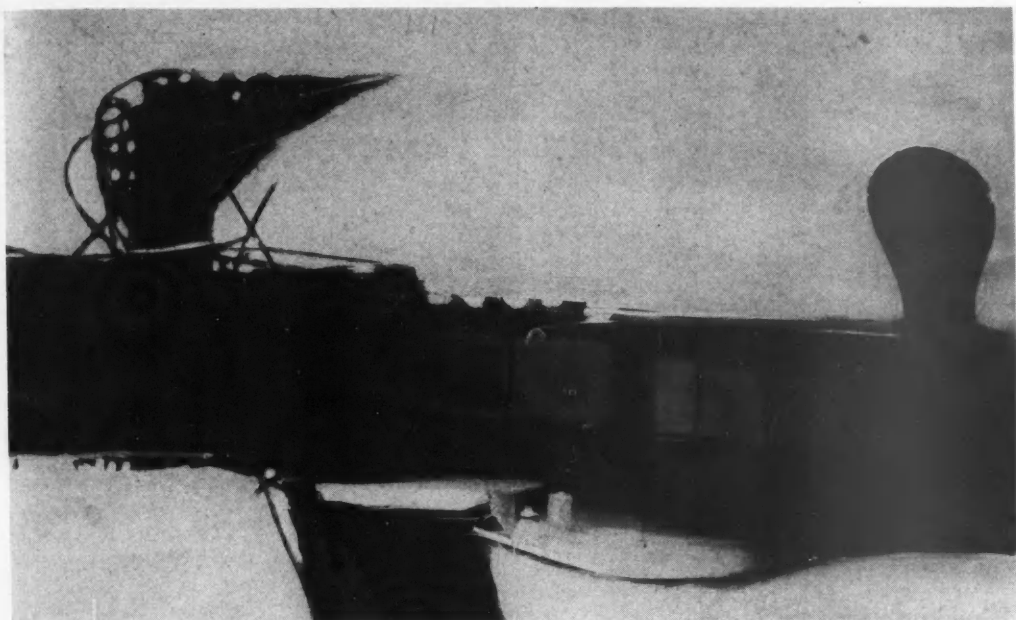
for a prize. His experience with the desert is so much present in the large, vague canvases spreading into space; dusky and heated as the desert. These unbeautiful but moving expressions seemed to have been spawned with great difficulty but their authenticity is undeniable. (Painters in Rome who have seen the show were much attracted by Diebenkorn's work.) The Dutch painter Corneille also appears to refer to experience—that of the destruction and disorientation produced by the recent war. But Corneille converts these experiences into heavily charged emotional brushwork, seeming to suggest symbols but never fully defining them. His technical certitude, combined with an original palette and a sense of form, carry his work beyond either decorative or imagist considerations. The few painters in the show who fall into this category have my respect for their willingness to move in the toughest circles of the artist's hell.

Another kind of painting personality much in evidence of late is that of the dramatist: the one who is searching for images which are suggestive, sometimes shocking—at their best, terrifying; at their worst, illustrational. Images, I say, though many of these painters believe they are in the full "abstract" tradition. But alas, some of them have been undermined by infernal machinism; by a kind of science-fiction concept of the "modern world" which is all too easily discovered in their work. In my opinion, prize-winner Gianni Dova is one of these image-makers, also belonging to the originality cult which believes that anything sufficiently different is good. Although I think Dova is an imaginative and sometimes inspired painter, his work reflects a melodramatic personality, satisfied with an immediately striking, superficially ominous image. Like his confrères in this group (and there are many in Paris) his taste runs to infernal machines or monstrous anthropomorphic symbols which are painted in turbid colors, sometimes in ripolin, and then loaded with thick varnish. In this world it's the gloss which counts.

John Hultberg, 33-year-old American prize-winner is, on the other hand, an authentic exponent of this imagist painting, and avoids the pitfalls. He succeeds in creating arresting images which ring true. His cold interpretations of night and winter themes are saved from the usual fate of the current imagists by their adherence to perceived outer realities.

Falling somewhere between the two "personalities" just cited is the transformer personality. The transformer is an extrovert who draws his inspiration for uncountable external sources, invests it with a good deal of lustiness and imagination, and transforms it into a valid expression of both a state of being and observing. Such a painter is the English artist Alan Davie (who, like that other lusty English artist Eduardo Paolozzi, was born in Scotland). Davie juggles a wealth of forms, sweeping his large canvas with great strokes, or he strips his surface and works with a few bold, crude and powerful forms. His vision is complex but healthy, and his vehemence is refreshing in comparison with the other English contributions. In a more quiet way, the expressionist Norman Adams also falls into this category. But the painter who won the prize, Alan Reynolds, is of quite another genre: a virtuoso realist. His transformations occur rarely, and when they do, are mostly for formal rather than emotional reasons. The Dutch painter Gerard Lataster, who patently stems from German expressionism, is also a transformer, using a brilliant palette and free-swinging form to express his sentiments on the Icarus theme.

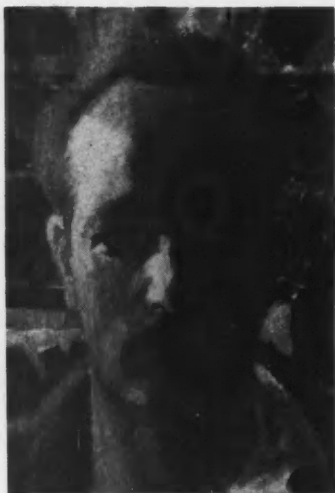
Scattered throughout the show are painters who deserve commendation but who are not always represented with



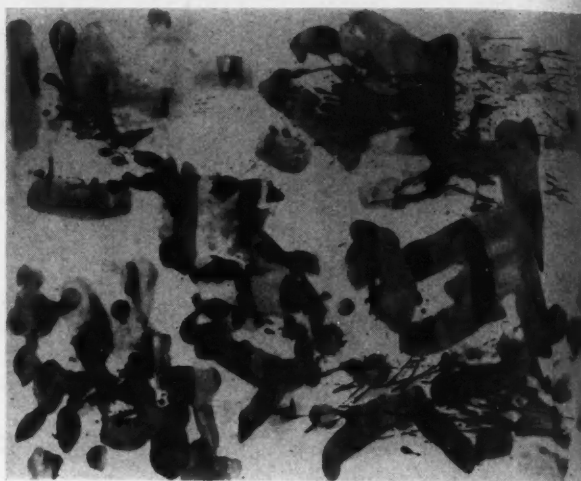
Three Americans in the "Young Painters" show in Rome: TOP, John Hultberg, Silhouette; LEFT, Joseph Glasco, The Kiss; ABOVE, Irving Kriesberger, A Dog Came into View.

either enough, or their best, work. I would cite K. H. H. Sonderborg, a German whose best contributions are Chinese ink drawings (and who, incidentally, appeared as the only promising painter in a huge show of German art recently brought to Paris under government auspices); Edward Middleditch, British realist; Irving Kriesberger, American expressionist; Theodoros Stamos (whose most recent painting in the show is dated 1953); and Wolf Barth, a Swiss experimenter who has not yet fixed his style but shows promise.

This show, which will be seen in Brussels from June 6 to July 6, and in Paris from October 12 to November 12, cannot be criticized too harshly since it is a step in the direction of a truly free flow of art; above all, art by many artists, not just those shoved back and forth across the ocean by enterprising dealers. I would only remark that it seems arbitrary to insist that an exact age-limit be maintained in such a show. Better the stress should be on little-known good artists than good artists who happen to fall into a certain age group.



Self Portrait, 1928



La Légende du Hibou, 1954

Paul-Emile Borduas by Dorothy Gees Seckler

Standing before a late painting by Borduas one marvels that such distinguished and authoritative painting could have come out of French Canada. How fortunate that this art has ripened in its provincial pocket of time, decades removed from the clamorous climate of our avant-gardism. Arriving here now, in a time of critical re-evaluation, it preserves the momentum of ideas—especially surrealism—which long ago had their currency here and have been absorbed into the cultural stream as an awareness rather than as a credo. But the surrealism that has animated the work of Borduas is not exactly the surrealism that we know here. Invading the cultural isolation of Canada a decade late, like the light of a star already dead in space, it entered a different, more religious atmosphere and evoked a more spiritual resonance.

In this country painters responded to surrealism as a style—actually several styles—and as an attitude toward subject matter. In Canada, André Breton's manifestoes arrived almost unaccompanied by pictures. The examples Canadian artists did see they did not like. What the circle of poets and art students found in surrealism was a philosophy, a revolutionary point of view that linked art, religion, psychology and social struggle. "For us," Borduas has said, "it was the great discovery." Surrealism made them aware of the oppressive academic aridity of much of what passed for cultural life around them. Faced as they were with entrenched 19th century methods and ideas on all sides, it insured that their lives would be difficult.

"Acquire new convictions passionately, taking all the risks." This was Borduas' advice to his students. It was the core of the famous, provocative manifesto that Borduas wrote in 1948 and that his students, also contributing to its text, published through their own labor. The publication of *Rufus Global*, which reached even the Orient, was a risk that drastically changed the rest of Borduas' life.

From the Catholic art of his youth Borduas' convictions led him, via surrealism, to his present ideal of an art of pure light and movement, divorced from all reference to objects. By a path completely different from that of our so-called abstract-expressionists or non-objective painters, he arrived at the aim for an absolute art in the direction set by Mondrian. Borduas' belief that this is the only vital direction for our future art is shared by fewer artists today than a year or so

ago; but his own experience suggests that figuration or non-figuration is not the main issue. It sends many of our labels flying into the waste basket.

This French Rip Van Winkle of abstraction is, like his paintings, all movement. He is astonishingly small and fragile to be the author of paintings built up thickly with giant strokes of the palette knife. One remembers strong, mobile hands, charming manners and a pleasant accent, and speculates that in another time he might well have been a monk-artist. This is the suggestion not only of his ascetic face but also of a temperament which combines extreme gentleness with aggressive intensity. This duality is curiously reflected in his painting—its vehement "handwriting," its delicate and poetic light. The destructive, irritant quality of surrealism seems to have been channelled into gesture, while a lyricism somewhat alien to surrealism is expressed through the compressed luminosity which today embraces the whole canvas.

When Borduas arrived in Provincetown in May, 1953, he was best known as the teacher of Riopelle, his outstanding student who had preceded him here by a year. Borduas was astonished at the vitality and the "roughness" of the work of the so-called New York School, dismayed by what he felt was a retreat toward figuration and puzzled by the talk of space. The great revelation was in the tossed-skein paintings of Pollock who, he said, "took the magnificent risk of making a painting entirely of accidents." The lesson of Pollock's paintings he compared to Cézanne's. "His *matière* was more real than this," he said, running his hand along the table edge. Certain large American pictures, on the other hand, because of their thin paint and diffused light, left him feeling lost and unable to orient himself. Coming upon a Mondrian for the first time, he was deeply impressed, but not by its space: "It is the finest light that I have ever seen," he said.

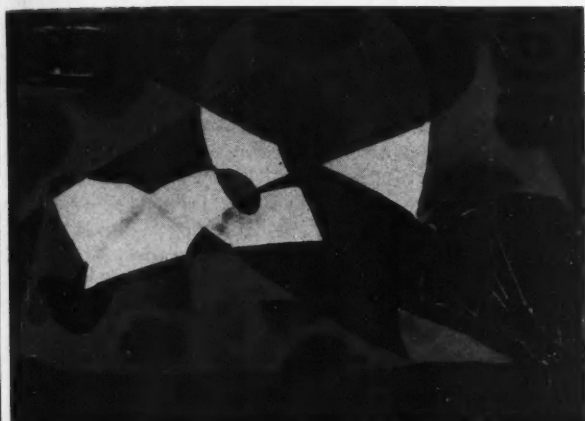
Matière first, then light, finally space—this was the order in which Borduas tackled the problems of his painting. Soutines, which he saw in reproduction—he was disappointed when he finally saw the actual paintings—inspired the struggle for paint surface just as Renoir led him to light and Mondrian, to realize space. In spite of Renoir the light of his early pictures is tonal. Perhaps the rainbow colors of a true impressionism were not capable of being assimilated by a sensibility formed in the austerity of Canadian life. Even to-



Landscape, 1937



Cimetière Glorieux, 1948



Gouache, 1942

day, with color invading his white-dominated paintings, it is *matière* that moves him most. "I have never seen *matière* without spirit," he said, "nor spirit without *matière*."

In the small town of Saint-Hilaire, near Montreal, art could be thought of only in one connection—the Church. The artist came from a large and devout family whose existence was seldom embellished with artistic trimmings. Yet Borda remembers his father shaping the prow of a boat, cutting it with great blows of an ax so that it took on a pattern of planes, not unlike, one imagines, the forms that now appear in Borda's painting. It was his father who brought to their home the local celebrity, Monsieur Leduc, of intimist landscapes and still-lives, now well known as a painter whose pupil he became, dedicated to a career of painting for the Catholic Church. In France he actually did assist in the work on two religious frescos in the north. In later years he was to receive encouragement and help with the first *Independents* show of avant-garde art from Father Couturier, the famous priest who influenced Matisse to decorate the chapel at Vence. In the middle 30s he left the Church—a great risk. The faith that still survived for him, he saw everywhere overlaid with opportunism.

Borda had been sent to Paris in 1928 to study at the École des Arts Sacré. He found some intimation of a deeper, more spiritual meaning in pictures, but not from the school where he put in a year of disillusionment and frustration under Maurice Denis. Escaping one day to the Louvre, he stopped for a long time before the *Avignon Pieta* hardly aware of its

subject matter. He was fascinated by something in the *matière*, rich, warm and deep. "I knew then," he said "that this represented my deepest desire in painting."

This first trip to Paris was like a trip from one century to another. He arrived there out of Canadian isolation still concerned with the crucial stylistic differences between Ingres and Delacroix. He left a year later with memories of the shock of the Salon d'Automne—even more of Renoir. Back in Canada, teaching under difficult conditions and almost isolated, Borda destroyed almost everything he painted. Ten years after Paris, out of the dozens of competent landscapes he had painted, one came that he did not destroy. In a rather Impressionist scene (reproduced) of two trees and a field he was conscious for the first time of putting down only the essentials. But there was more than light in this little landscape. There is a hint, a gentle one, of the dynamism that will distinguish his later work in the daubs of light that streak across tree trunks and foliage. What is important is that these spots break away from the solid forms. Swept slightly forward, they become a part of a directional flow. A detached bit of foliage is held in space simply by the tension with other spots. Borda realized only dimly what new freedom he had won although he kept the landscape in his studio and pointed it out to his students.

When surrealism arrived in the pages of *Verve* in 1939, Borda was not entirely unprepared for its ideas. When Breton said that the creative forces in art resided in the unconscious rather than the conscious mind, Borda recognized an evident truth. In his classes with younger children he marveled at the "beautiful compositions born of a mysterious ignorance." His teaching encouraged each individual to rely on this inner reservoir of feelings and impulses with no imposed directives. Even so it was several years before Borda attempted his first paintings with no conscious plan whatever, by the approach of "pure psychic automatism."

Borda's "automatic" paintings were the crucial turning point in his work. He uses the word "delirant" to describe the kind of expression that now opened up with these first explorations of complete spontaneity. His initial works in automatism were carried out in gouache in three main stages. He first made a linear scheme in a free rhythm, without planned design, then filled in the areas between lines. He studied the result of this improvisation intently, often finding that the configurations seemed "very far in space." The final

stage was adding soft spots of dark. These seemed to complete the forms and "make them real."

Whether or not automatism was as crucial as Borduas believes—and many Canadians agree with him—it is obvious that surrealism, with its stress on the marvellous, had an access to the imagination formed in a repressed and religious atmosphere that another movement, such as cubism, could not have had. One cannot doubt the evidence of his paintings following the "automatic" gouaches that he experienced a deep liberation. The emotional violence of his forms, the turbulence of space, the deep resonant tones splashed with light, all speak of a fury of release. The consequence of his experience was the belief that each painting must spontaneously and freshly recreate his emotional world. This determination never to rest with the forms, however successful, of any painting or merely to elaborate the success amounts to a faith of religious force. It accounts for the greater tension and spirituality in his work as compared with that of other artists who also rely on spontaneity, but who allow it to solidify into an element of style. In an art of accidents it is essential to go all the way, to renew eternally the risk and the defiance. This approach has to be paid for, of course, since the manner of a good painting is seldom repeated. The artist loses something in each picture as he gains something else.

It is obvious that it would be very difficult to fit this approach to painting into the curriculum of a school, especially a school for furniture design. Yet this is what Borduas attempted at the École du Meuble. The wonder is not that he ran into catastrophic conflict with the school authorities but that he succeeded so well and so long with this group of young artists. His leadership was so effective that many of the students left a career in furniture and turned to painting. The manifesto, *Rufus Global* and later, *Projections Libérantes*, were written in the crisis caused by this conflict with authority. Many passages in these writings highlight the opposing sides of Borduas' temperament—his protective sympathy to-

ward the students, many of whom became well known in Canada and one, Riopelle, internationally; his bitterness toward those who opposed his program.

When Borduas' first came here, his paintings were at an interesting transition between the dark, brown-toned depths of his earlier surrealist paintings and his present white palette. In pictures like *Les Parachutes Vegetaux* (reproduced on the cover) Borduas did not realize that the airy space in which his luminous forms were projected seemed deep—one even had the feeling of a ceiling or a distant floor in the painting. To him the space was all immediate and close and the forms were without any associations as he painted them—afterwards they often suggest images which may be incorporated in the title. Then, as today, when an association occurs during the painting, he stops work.

Around 1953, as the palette knife completely replaced his large brushes, the whites increasingly fragmented the darks, and blacks rose to the surface. (Out of the work of this period exhibited in his first one-man show in New York, the Museum of Modern Art purchased two works.) Baroque, diagonal movements were met by thrusts sprung from other axes. Today the whites have expanded so as to close the gaps between planes. Whites, streaked with color, fold against blacks or other whites in an upward and outward dynamism that continues beyond the frame. With his attention fixed in light and movement he has achieved a revolutionary space without negative areas. Space extends continuously in all directions, aspiring to infinity. More than 12 of these late paintings, together with an equal representation of Riopelle's work, will represent Canada at the Sao Paulo Biennial in Brazil.

Less bitter now, more philosophic about defections from his ideal, Borduas is still sure that the great challenge is to achieve an absolute art of perfect spontaneity. Asked by a Canadian when he would return to nature, he replied that we have just begun to explore the inner world of feeling, "for this task we will need at least the rest of this century."

Les Signes s'envolent, 1954



1905-1913:

The Crucial Years of Modernism *by Robert Goldwater*

For the painters of the United States, and for this country's taste in modern painting generally, it may be said that the year 1913 revealed the year 1905—and the seven full years between. The Armory Show of 1913, first in New York, then in Chicago, and again in Boston, spread out for all to see the latest developments in style both here and abroad, and painting and appreciation on this side of the water could never be the same. While the exhibition included the post-impressionist masters (they were not yet "masters" then) and traced the pioneers of modernism back through the impressionists to Corot and Delacroix, it was the works of 1905 and after—fauves and expressionists, cubists and futurists—that had the greatest impact and produced the decisive change. What was done during those years, the years covered by this exhibition,* was so revolutionary, so disturbing, so fundamentally new, that all style and innovation since then can be viewed as the working out of the traditions (for there was more than one) then begun. By making public what had until then, so to speak, been a private affair since 1905, the Armory Show in 1913 ended one turbulent and dramatic period, and began another that has not yet ended.

The details of the Armory Show and the furor it created are well known. It is, however, important to note that both in its inception and its reception the show contained something characteristically American. It started as an exhibition of the work of a group of independent artists in New York, who in reaction to the pallor of the Academy had organized the "American Association of Painters and Sculptors." To this was to be added a small supplement of European paintings and sculpture, a gesture that united a sense of showmanship to a genuine esthetic interest and brotherly generosity. But two things happened: first, the artists given the task of gathering the paintings in Europe became so fired with enthusiasm for the new developments they discovered that the international section grew far beyond its original intention. Geographically and historically, they came up with an enormous mass of modern art; works by French, German, English and Italian artists were all included; the gamut of styles ran from the romanticism through impressionism and post-impressionism, right up to the most recent directions. Thus what had begun as an exhibition of American artists with a natural desire to make their mark, through receptivity, excitement and the desire to learn, became an international affair. And second, the show's reception compounded the result. It was the European works that attracted the most attention, aroused the most partisanship, and produced a lasting effect upon the art and taste of this country.

In this fashion, with none of the comparative gradualness of the European evolution, without the formation of small groups of artists, and the penetration of an elite of connoisseurs, painters and public were suddenly confronted with four radical changes of styles at once, more than a quarter century of rapid pictorial evolution with which they were totally unfamiliar. The speed was characteristic; so was the impact; the sudden change from ignorance to interest, from unawareness to immediate and violent opinion (whether for or against), and the desire for decision. (How often have European events



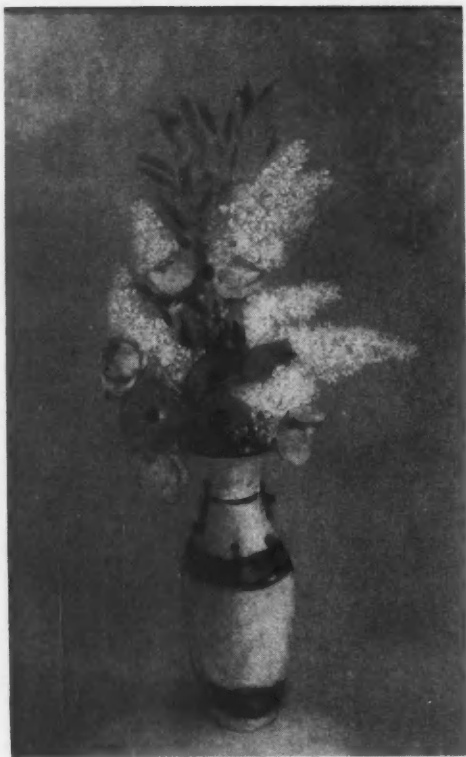
Marcel Duchamp: *Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 2, 1912*

in other fields not come upon us and been seized in this fashion!) Almost one fifth of the 1600 works shown were bought; press and public figures (among them Theodore Roosevelt) commented; the *Nude Descending the Staircase* became a household figure. The kaleidoscopic and the in many ways indiscriminate nature of the Armory Show made it a characteristically American event.

Their American exhibition of 1886 had been the turning point for the French impressionists. It had saved their dealer from imminent bankruptcy, and enabled them to get off to a new start in Europe. In this respect our taste had been in advance of the old continent. Even as early as 1881 American collectors had been buying Manet and Degas, and between then and the end of the century, impressionist works found their way into many private collections, collections that today are part of our public museums. But with some exceptions (like the Havermeyers under the guidance of Mary Cassatt, and the genial and adventurous John Quinn, one of the important buyers from the Armory Show) few were concerned at all with anything later, including the post-impressionists.

The painting then being done in this country was based on an even earlier stage of European development. The Academy exhibitions (and they were the painters' chief means of contact with the public) were, to put it briefly, academic, beautiful exemplars of the attempt to continue an outworn tradition, to paint a watered-down version of the inherited concept

* This article, written on the occasion of the Albright Art Gallery's 50th Anniversary exhibition, in Buffalo, New York, entitled "Fifty Paintings, 1905-1913" (through June 12), is the first of a two-part discussion of this important period in America's cultural history. The second part will appear in the July issue.



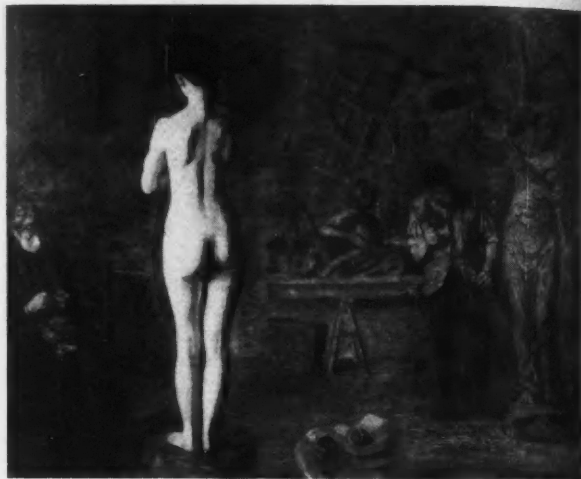
Odilon Redon: *Flowers in a Vase*

of the "ideal beautiful," further weakened by the sentimental and moral restrictions that hemmed in our own academicians.

Our more robust painters stemmed from the realism of the mid-century. Among the more successful were Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent. Thirty years before, in the sixties and early seventies, Homer had taken bold strides that led him, out of his own inner logic and without knowledge of his European contemporaries, to the threshold of impressionism. But then he had drawn back, apparently unwilling to go further. And this was understandable, for he was alone, while the Frenchmen had mutual support in a difficult battle. Homer had instead preferred the "masculine" subjects of heroic shorelines and seascapes, painted with an emphasis upon weight, volume and depth. It has been called "romantic realism." In its own way, it was a stoic art, but imbued with the stoicism of a people for whom action was natural, rather than the reluctant necessity arrived at by contemplation.

Sargent was of course an international success, the especial darling of Boston and of London. Whistler and Manet had taught him to look at Velasquez, and his blank backgrounds, his tall, isolated figures, and his nuances of tone within an almost monochromatic palette, were within their tradition. But it was his bravura painting, the dash and flamboyance of his execution, his ability to make his art look easy, while always suggesting that only he possessed the incredible facility to bring it off, that endeared him to his audience. Here was modernism of a sort. Sargent is at his best in paintings like *Mosquito Net*, where his craftsman's mastery may be enjoyed for its own sake, because its goal is to render nothing more profound than another *objet d'art*.

It is significant that Sargent should have had so much success and Eakins so little. For Eakins too is a pre-impressionist, schooled in the palette of Velasquez, and with none of the too brilliant color that so jarred observers at the Armory Show. Seen within the broad history of styles, Eakins' anonymous *Thinker* has the same sources as Sargent's notorious *Madame X*, or many a portrait by the popular William Chase,



Thomas Eakins: *William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River*

who, like Eakins, admired the Rembrandt chiaroscuro. But Sargent and Chase were showmen, wielding their brushes as a fencer might his sword; Eakins was a true realist, seeking a penetrating as well as an apparent truth. Eakins' portraits isolate the figure psychologically as well as visually, and many of them in facial expression and bodily pose convey a stoic, puritan loneliness. Eakins' early approach to perspective and oratory may have allied to the engineer and the scientist, but in his late pictures solidity is all but dissolved by an atmosphere that seems to glow through as well as around the figure, and depth and surface are hardly to be distinguished. William Rush's model, naked rather than nude, yet endowed with a kind of desperate dignity, is an epitome of all Eakins' figures, stripped as they are of outward pretence. Others, his possible patrons, could hardly bear Eakins' long unflinching look at the people around him; lacking Homer's heroism, and Sargent's elegance, he faced up to the pathetic quality of the human condition. In an age of manners, this was ill-mannered, and it is hardly surprising that Eakins' dogged insistence was unwelcome.

The story of the Eight (and the so-called Ash Can School) is inextricably bound up with our period and its culmination in the Armory Show. For America at least they were an essential part of the fullness and intense activity of these seven years. Had it not been for the intransigence of the Academy they would probably never have been thrown together, since in both theory and practice their aims were various. As it was, their common opposition to academic good taste and the academic closed shop, and their uncommon good will, held them together only for their one famous exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery in 1908 (though this led directly to 1913). The group around Robert Henri did possess a certain unity. His withdrawal from the Academy annual of 1907, because the work of his younger friends had been rejected, was characteristic; he was a man of energy and principle, and he imparted these qualities to his disciples—Luks, Sloan, Glackens and Shinn. They all objected to the paleness, to the vitiate tenuousness, the idealizing softness of academic painting. Henri's favorite word was *vitality*, and he was never tired of repeating that to impart it all else could be sacrificed. Accepted esthetic principles, even sound technical practice, could go by the board provided a picture contained a sense of life.

The group never forgot this, and it became the key to the quality of their work. Much has been made of their early experience as journalists and illustrators, but even without such specific conditioning, it was only natural that city scenes should play an increasingly important role in a society that



Winslow Homer: *Driftwood*

was rapidly becoming urbanized. The Staten Island Ferry succeeds the Mississippi flatboat (of Bingham); the street urchin replaces the farm hand (of Mount), all within a recognizable genre tradition. For the academy, of course, such subjects, and even more the Bowery bars, the street singers and the wrestlers were out-of-bounds (if Eakins had been impolite he at least had never been downright vulgar in this way), but none of these were terribly new, they harked back to the mid-century.

Nor were the members of the later-named *Ash Can School* innovators in technique. Compared to what was to come, their palette was conservative. It is true that their desire for "vitality" led them to slashing brush strokes, rough surfaces, and exaggerated expressions. They liked gesture and movement, and the unposed moment; they were fond of painting "types" who possessed their own irrepressible energy, and of making them even more "typical." But, as we have seen, this was not exceptional, provided only that the theme was esthetic.

Decidedly and stubbornly their theme wasn't esthetic and that, perhaps, is a clue to their final achievement. There was in their attitude a certain confusion between vitality in life and vitality in art. Somehow they fused a bit too closely both the subject and the picture, and the painter and his art. Here was a kind of inverted academic morality (a belated appear-

ance of a *vie de bobéme* matching the mid-century sources of their style) that found virtue in full experience, technical freedom and unconventional subjects, and made their own esthetic reward. In the atmosphere of the time, the desire is understandable, but it often led the group dangerously close to the sentimentality of anecdote. It produced its most cohesive results in Luks, for whom the path from personal attitude to pictorial result was direct and unreflecting. Among a group whose theory tended toward expressionism, Luks was the most expressionist in character, and so his work is the least literary and decorative, the most fused in form. Luks' violent life, his comparatively few paintings, are indicative of how difficult it was, in the America of the early twentieth century, to sustain a pervasive bohemianism. It is thus less ironic than it seems at first glance that only a few years later (in the controversy of the *Masses*), members of a group which had been attacked as apostles of the ugly, now criticized for their "artistic" attitude, held stanchly to their defense of independent esthetic coherence.

Apart from their opposition to the academy, the other members of the Eight seem to have little to do with preoccupations of this kind. The measure of Davies' importance hardly lies in the stature of his art. If he no longer enjoys the great reputation he had at the period, this is partly due to an evolution of those styles he himself helped introduce in the Armory Show, partly that his charm and social presence gave him a unique position within the group. In quiet and unobtrusive ways he used these gifts to help other artists he respected, whatever their style of work. Without his abilities as catalyst and fund raiser, his receptivity to new directions, the Armory Show would have never taken place. His art, which aimed at a poetic and mystic symbolism, was of a kind little practiced in the United States, though it was widespread in Europe at the turn of the century. The Swiss Hodler, the Italian Segantini are Davies' closest parallels. They too wish to fuse figures and landscapes on a pantheistic basis, to suggest allegorical meanings without ever quite defining their specific themes, to embody in decorative rhythms the relation of man to man and man to universe. At a distance of half-a-century all this is a bit pretentious. We can perhaps better understand what it meant for its time if we remember the magic appeal of Isadora Duncan, in whose art, too, high flown, artful gestures was equated with profound meaning.

In one sense, therefore, Davies was abreast of his period; the tendency he represents was general and characteristic, al-

Continued on page 31

Arthur B. Davies: *Crescendo*



Malraux's "The Voices of Silence" and the Meaning of Modern Art

by Joseph Frank

Few books on art in recent years have had such an impact as *The Voices of Silence* by André Malraux. Not since Ruskin's *Modern Painters* or Walter Pater's *The Renaissance*—to mention only works in English—has a book of art criticism taken hold so quickly and stirred up so much interest and discussion. Like Ruskin and Pater, Malraux places superb literary gifts at the service of the plastic arts; and no doubt this partially explains the appeal of his book to an audience far wider than is usually reached by conventional art scholarship. Even more important in explaining the widespread interest in Malraux, however, is the problematic nature of modern art itself. Never before has the evolution of art posed, in such an acute form, the problem of art's own nature and meaning. And Malraux's book is the most ambitious attempt in modern times to grasp the large-scale historical significance of modern art.

Yet despite its popularity, the main ideas of Malraux's work still seem very little understood. Scholarly opponents content themselves with pointing out minor factual errors or over-daring generalizations; but these have very little to do with Malraux's main argument. Even many of those who admire *The Voices of Silence* see it as a dazzling collection of *aperçus* with little or no intellectual unity. Such an attitude was perhaps pardonable in the face of *The Psychology of Art*, which Malraux himself felt to be fragmentary and badly organized. But it is no longer permissible to continue to speak of *The Voices of Silence* in such terms; for in re-writing *The Psychology of Art*, Malraux has clarified its structure and brought his leading ideas quite sharply into focus.

Of all these leading ideas, the one that has had the most success—or at least has entered most quickly into the vocabulary of current art criticism—is that of "The Imaginary Museum." This striking phrase, like all such linguistic acquisitions, serves to characterize a state of affairs of which everybody was vaguely aware—but which nobody had yet crystallized into a single idea. Mechanical advances in photography and color reproduction have made it possible for us to gain a vast and ever-growing knowledge of the history of art-styles. And, Malraux argues, partly as a result of this the whole relation of modern man to art is one without historical precedent. But the scientific discovery of photography is not the "cause" of this unique relation; it is only the instrument of a more deep-rooted cause—the evolution of modern art itself.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, art was seen primarily in extra-esthetic terms; but at that time the creators themselves, beginning with Manet, began to assert the primacy of art itself over the subject of the art-work—that is, over whatever extra-esthetic values the work might express. Art ceased to be the expression of such extra-esthetic values (religious, social or ethical) and became an autonomous realm of activity. All styles have suddenly become accessible to us because, unlike all earlier resurrections of styles, we do not search in the past for extra-esthetic values akin to our own—as the artists of the Italian Renaissance went to the Greco-Roman heritage of classical antiquity to strengthen their own incipient humanism. Photography, Malraux points out, has been able to create "The Imaginary Museum" for us precisely because we have become responsive to all art-styles solely as art.

In the first part of his book dealing with "The Imaginary Museum," Malraux traces the process by which, from the time of the Renaissance, art became identified with the creation

of illusion; and he then shows how, with the rise of modern art, this linkage between art and illusion was destroyed. Once the Renaissance esthetic was shaken, it became imperative to view non-naturalistic and hieratic styles—styles not based on the creation of illusion—in a different light; as an expression of a disparate framework of values, rather than as an inferior type of art that had not managed to attain the higher technical capacity of illusionism.

And in the second part of the book, "The Metamorphoses of Apollo," Malraux traces the transformation of the Greco-Roman style, based on the idealization of natural forms, into the various non-naturalistic styles that emerged after the breakup of the Roman Empire. In this superb study of comparative styles, which ranges from the Gallo-Roman art of the West to the Greco-Buddhist style of Gandhara in India, Malraux shows that these styles were not fumbling and regressive attempts to ape classical models. The style of Celtic coins, for example, is ordinarily classed as barbaric and regressive; but Malraux demonstrates, with admirable precision and acuity, that it actually re-shaped a Greco-Macedonian head of Philip II of Macedon in accordance with a clearly self-conscious non-classical schema.

At the conclusion of his second part, Malraux has established that an art-style "tends far less to see the world than to create another one; the world serves style, which serves man and his gods." Malraux thus emphasizes that art is not a reflection of a particular world (in a literal mirroring sense) but rather an expression of its values in forms that frequently have no obvious connection with what they represent. "A Sung wash-drawing is not the most efficacious expression of landscapes, nor is Cubism that of guitars and harlequins." In this sense, therefore, Malraux maintains that art is free from any material, external determinism conditioning its manifold mutations.

At the same time, Malraux never denies the extent to which art is conditioned at a second remove, so to speak, by the metaphysical relation of man and the universe. On the contrary, all of Malraux's masterly interpretations of styles in the first two sections of *The Voices of Silence* are poetic images of this metaphysical relation; and the freedom of any style to transform the given world of natural forms is a freedom within the determining bounds of this relation. In the first section of the book, for instance, Malraux analyzes classical Greek art as the expression of man's accord with the cosmos and his freedom to question it; this he contrasts with earlier Near Eastern styles, which were based on a submission to an external, inhuman order of "blood and the stars." In Near Eastern art, therefore, one would expect Malraux to agree that, while the artist was free to invent his own forms, these forms could only express his metaphysical subjection. But Malraux tries desperately to avoid this latter conclusion in the third section of the book, which deals with the psychology of the individual artist.

Here, the gist of Malraux's argument is that, while the great artist is always a product of his time and civilization, the particular artistic expression he gives its value is never predetermined. "That the Christian signification of the world is dramatic does not imply that the Gothic image of the Christian world is angular." Thus the great artist, according to Malraux, is inescapably linked to history—but in a unique fashion that does not involve his submission. His work is not the expression of "a fatality become intelligible"; it is a

struggle to conquer his liberty by achieving his style. Style and liberty, in other words, have now become synonymous, and Malraux presents the act of artistic creation in itself as an expression of freedom transcending any kind of historical determinism.

In the fourth and last section of this book, Malraux uses these conclusions to place the problems of modern art in a vast and fecund perspective. We have learned that all art is a re-creation of the world by man, in accordance with a framework of values expressing his metaphysical relation to the universe. But the history of art, from the Renaissance to the present, shows us the gradual loss of any such relation. Since the seventeenth century, Malraux asserts, "the art of gratification (*assouvissement*) has invaded all those areas in which Christianity has disintegrated." And an art of gratification is one that has lost all contact with those feelings "on which civilizations found their relation with the cosmos and with death."

Modern art finally reacted against this art of gratification by re-affirming the age-old power of art to create a world which, instead of transcribing the natural one, invests itself as its rival. For the first time in the history of art, however, this power did not assert itself as the carrier of other values. The fundamental value controlling modern art, Malraux writes, is "the age-old wish to create an autonomous world, but for the first time reduced to itself alone. . . . Modern masters make pictures as those of older civilizations made gods." This explains the religious fanaticism of modern artists in all matters respecting their art, as well as the anomaly that, in an era of total artistic individualism, modern art should be most strongly related to styles controlled by demonic and transcendental values (Negro and other primitive styles or Byzantine art). Modern art, Malraux claims in one of his sharpest insights, "is linked to such styles not because it expresses a world oriented by the sacred; rather it is linked to the absence of the sacred; it seems the photographic negative of these styles." It is, to use Malraux's title for his fourth section, "the small change of the Absolute."

Modern art is thus an attempt to make contact again with those feelings "on which civilizations found their relations with the cosmos and with death." And, by its means, we have been enabled to feel our way back to the great styles of the past where such contact was achieved. No previous civilization could do so to the same extent, as we have already

learned from Malraux's discussion of "The Imaginary Museum." For our new sense of art as the primary value has lowered the barrier of opposing values which, in the past, set Greek art against Egyptian and Renaissance art against Gothic. Up to this point, then, Malraux's argument would seem to necessitate a purely esthetic relation to past styles.

But now, however, Malraux suddenly shifts his ground; our relation to all the styles of the past is no longer based solely on their value as art; the divine figures of India and Mexico, we are told, "were not Cubist or abstract sculptures, and could not become so completely." Indeed, Malraux goes so far as to assert that "a great artist who, aside from contemporary works, knows only the specifically plastic qualities of past works, would be the superior type of the modern barbarian: a barbarian defined not by his refusal of the city but by his refusal of the quality of man." All the great styles of the past thus take on a new and extra-esthetic meaning. Our "Imaginary Museum," at first only an art gallery, now becomes a symbolic Pantheon of all the forms that have been created to express this "quality of man."

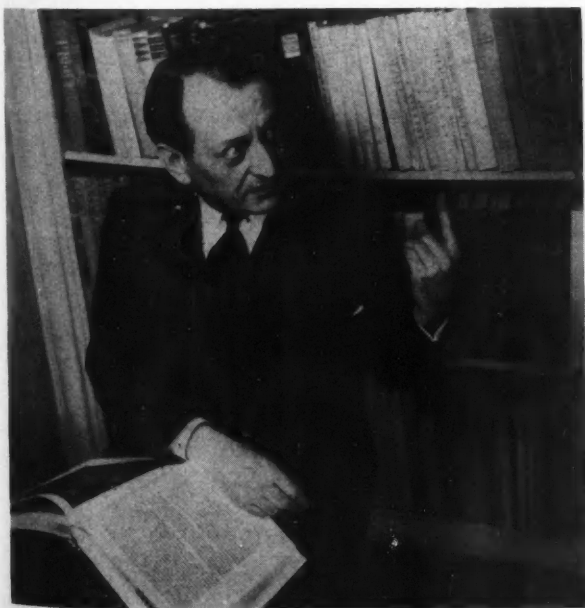
The heart of Malraux's great book lies in his conviction that this "quality of man," expressed through art, reveals "the intrusion of the world of consciousness into that of destiny." Destiny, as Malraux defines it, is made up of everything that imposes on man an awareness of his human condition. The great religions defend man against this condition by linking him to God or to the universe; and the great styles, shaped by these great religions, express this common defense of man. "One civilization seems to defend itself against destiny in binding itself to cosmic rhythms and another in effacing them; the art of both is nonetheless united in our eyes by the common defense it expresses." This defense is found, not in the defunct historical values of one or another civilization, but rather in the process of artistic expression linking them all. "The victory of each artist over his servitude rejoins, in an immense deployment, that of art over the destiny of humanity: art is an anti-destiny." Malraux concludes, then, that modern art is paving the way for the first culture of universal humanism—a humanism based on this revelation by art of the "quality of man," the concerted answer given by the chorus of the "voices of silence" to the riddle of human destiny.

I hope this exposition has given some notion, even if a brutally inadequate one, of Malraux's ideological ground-plan; and once we view it as a connected argument, we begin to understand the reason for the ambiguity that has been brought to light. This ambiguity attaches to Malraux's use of the idea of freedom, and it is linked to his oscillation on whether to assign a formal or expressive meaning to the styles gathered in "The Imaginary Museum." Sometimes the idea of freedom refers to the creative act in itself, the power of the artist to find his own expression; in this case the idea is a formal one, totally independent of the values to which the form gives expression. Sometimes the idea of freedom refers to the quality of the civilization that gave birth to the style; in this case the idea clearly ceases to be formal and acquires historical content. Malraux needs both these meanings of freedom at various stages in his argument, and to give up one of them would detach a crucial link from his conceptual chain; but they involve him in what seems a hopeless impasse.

If Malraux consistently maintained the formal idea of freedom, he could logically place all art-styles under this category; but then it would be impossible for him to maintain that modern art had revealed an extra-esthetic metaphysical value in all art expressing the "quality of man." At best, this "quality of man" could only be defined formally as a capacity for creating works of art; instead of revealing anything new

Continued on page 30

André Malraux



Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

The Art of Glass

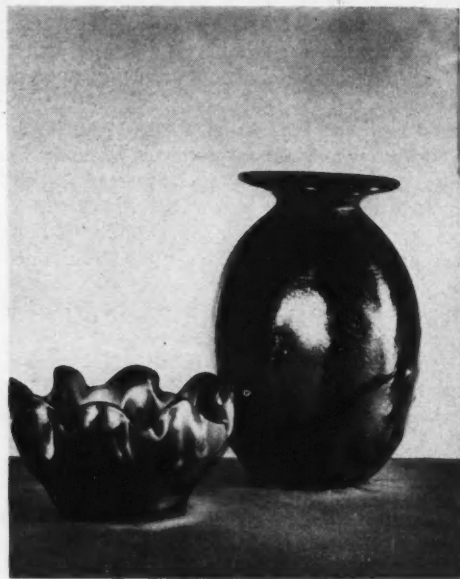
Two shows point up a significant mid-century revival of an ancient craft.

by Ada Louise Huxtable

The Victorians called it "art glass." Camphor, cameo, mirror and milk glass, *mille fleur* novelties and glass bouquets adorned the whatnot and the parlor table, punctuated swags of lambrikin and lace. No effect was too exotic or fanciful for the taste of the day. This taste, a truly awesome vulgarity thinly veneered by gentility, delighted in all that was novel, intricate, elaborate, ostentatious, romantic and *recherché*. Excess was piled on excess, textures and techniques became increasingly bizarre, until glass resembled anything but its own true self. Reform was inevitable, and came with the turn of the century. The reaction, sparked by the Arts and Crafts movement in the 1880s in England and later on the Continent, led first to the renunciation of over-ornamentation and the revival of the artist-craftsman and ultimately to a new 20th century style: the gently flowering forms of *Art Nouveau*. Liberated from Victorian taste, art glass enjoyed a brief period of high achievement. The somber, leaf-patterned case glass of Gallé, Tiffany's glowing creations in iridescent *favrile*, the frosted nymphs and lotuses of Lalique, admired in their own day and subsequently ignored, are now acquiring a new importance in contemporary eyes. This work is no longer dismissed as just a prelude to modern design. More significant than the break with the decadent past or the fascination of the individual pieces is the fact that these experiments in art glass represent the recovery of the appreciation of the qualities and potentialities of glass as a valid medium of artistic expression. The full range of this appreciation, so superbly demonstrated by the Venetians, the English, the Dutch, the Germans and the Bohemians at various points in the past, was lost to the Victorians, and until recently, to our own day.

For the taste and place for art glass did not last long into this century. The doctrines of functionalism and the morality of the machine esthetic swept it away into the attic and junk-shop in the 20s and 30s, to be replaced by the unadorned cylinder and sphere. This, too, was a necessary revolution. Function and form, lost in Victorian decorative clichés and hopelessly entangled in *tour de forces* of the glassmaking art, were only partially recovered by the artist-craftsman of the early 1900s. The new attitude toward the machine, fostered by the Bauhaus, the Deutsche Werkbund, the Wiener Werkstätte and other enlightened groups, emphasized an even greater simplicity of design, suited to the techniques of mass production. Critics examined anonymous industrial glass and found much of it beautiful. In a spirit of Calvinistic renunciation and as part of the search for esthetic truth, the glass artist reduced his material and his work to its most basic statement. The rediscovery of clear crystal, of the pure shape, of the fundamentals of design was an exciting, valuable and essential experience. For the lush productions of the art glass studios were substituted the refined delicacies of Lobmeyr, the sterner simplicity of chemical glass flasks and beakers. There is no doubt that this restored vision and feeling for the medium of glass, although its limitations led inevitably to a certain design sterility and automatically eliminated many of its more interesting effects. There are signs, however, that these esthetic restrictions are relaxing, and that we are entering a new and important period of glass design.

Two recent glass shows, seen in New York this spring, "The Designers' Exhibition of Glass" at Georg Jensen and "Studies in Crystal" at Steuben were more than routine exhibitions; they were a clear indication of an international



"Art Nouveau" glass in Tiffany *favrile*.
Collection Ada Louise Huxtable

revival of the more freely experimental and sensuous phases of the glassmaker's art. The Jensen show had the advantage of drawing on the work of the world's foremost glass artists, presenting more than 200 examples by 60 designers from nine countries: Austria, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, Italy and Sweden. It was a significant and handsome display. Since the designers picked their own pieces, the show had the additional value of presenting the artist's personal picture of the trends of the past ten years. The spectator experienced an immediate sense of pleasurable exhilaration at the variety of exquisite, imaginative forms that filled the room. These forms covered the whole range of glass expression: useful articles, decorative pieces, abstract or realistic sculpture, one of a kind, avant-garde experiments and successful production items, crystal clear, softly tinted or strongly colored. Blown pieces, so delicate and subtle that they still seemed to hold the breath that shaped them, contrasted with prismatic pieces of weighty brilliance. There was universal respect for the nature of the material. Although all of the work emphasized and underlined the basic 20th century design doctrine, so well-expressed by Sigfried Giedion, that "one of the functions of contemporary art is the reawakening of our consciousness of simple but forgotten primary elements," most of the designers went far beyond the exploration of fundamental principles. Color, eschewed for so long by the purists, was used to recapture that exceptional clarity and luminosity of hue that is only produced by a direct light source through a transparent or translucent substance, something the masters of medieval stained glass understood surpassingly well. A striking number of designs of an abstract or ornamental nature were aimed at the enrichment, rather than the simplification of esthetic experience. There was no lack of simplicity, however imaginatively interpreted. From Scandinavia, there were the graceful blown and drawn shapes by Gunnar Nylund and the delicate, completely contemporary classicism of Nils Landberg, Arthur Percy and Willy Johansson, as well as Tapio Wirkkala's more experimental work with irregular flat shapes and unexpected prismatic surfaces. The Italians, for most of whom simplicity holds little enchantment, displayed their customary bravado with color, technique and daring form, from Gio Ponti's fashionably styled decanters to Seguso's striking amethyst bowls. In spite of formidable competition, the Finnish section proved to be the high spot of the show, and a young Finnish artist, Timo Sarpaneva, emerged as a new star for the

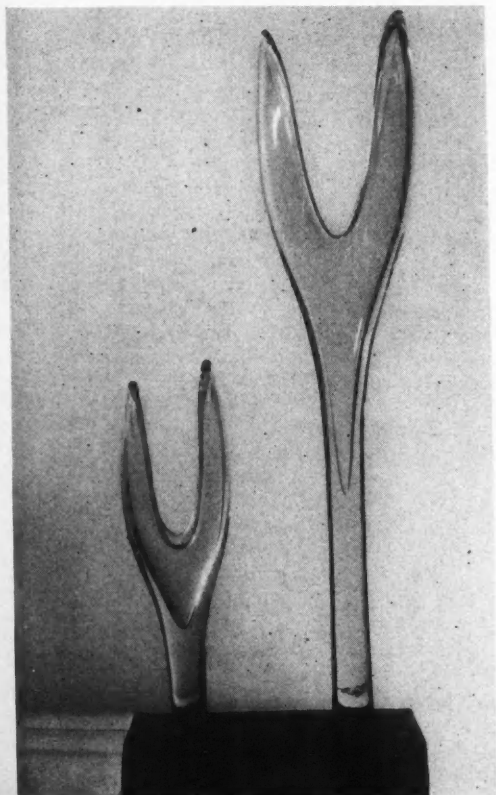
American public. His designs, accompanied by drawings of great sensitivity, combine a sure sense of line and form with a proper understanding of just what glass can and cannot do. The complete aim and justification of these pieces is the exploitation of the intrinsic beauties of glass itself; their success is in the superb achievement of this objective.

In contrast to this large, international show, the Steuben

Timo Sarpaneva, Finland



Gunnar Nylund, Sweden



Don Pollard: *Sea Bird*

presentation consisted of 13 pieces in an abstract vein by three American designers: George Thompson, Don Pollard and Lloyd Atkins. For Steuben, this was a revolutionary as well as a pretentious exhibition. Not only does it mark the firm's first venture into abstraction, but the claim is made that these free-form studies and engraved prisms "approach the realm of pure art," using glass as a "true art medium," and are "comparable to sculpture in their exact representation of the artists' concepts." To confuse even as exquisite a minor art as glass design with the major, or fine arts, is to court disaster. This fallacy, based on an artificial extension of techniques and purposes, can only work to the disadvantage of a legitimate decorative art. In making this unfortunate equation, Steuben has once again demonstrated its magnificent crystal, flawless craftsmanship and design weaknesses. For good glass design is seldom the result of the deliberate or ambitious pursuit of the forms and objectives of sculpture or other fine art expression, as has obviously been the intention here; rarely has glass been successful as a representational material, even of abstract themes. Glass offers something else, however, of equal validity within its own sphere. Positive achievement in glass design is based on sympathetic exploration of the unique sensuous and esthetic character of the material for its own sake. The glass artist has all the sources that he needs in the complex and beautiful play of light, surface and shape, without the forced introduction of ideals and standards from other fields. Among the design effects open to him in infinite variation within the proper limitations of his own medium are fluid curves, prismatic precision, air-blown delicacy, heavy masses, brilliantly faceted or smooth, polished surfaces, the uses of transparency, reflection and refraction, the choice of clarity or color. The narrowest line separates failure from success. Gunnar Nylund's decorative forms succeed because their elegant shapes are primarily an expression of the process by which they are made in imaginative and graceful terms, while the Steuben free-form pieces, straining after romantic concepts close to the banal and the cliché, do little more than suggest expert technical manipulation. Steuben has a 20-year tradition in the production of handsome, conservative tableware of excellent taste and unsurpassed quality. It is unfortunate that the limits of this tradition should be preserved as a mark of prestige; development and change are the breath of life in the creative arts.

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Paris by Michel Seuphor

Paris, the arena where during the last few years the two opposite extremes of art—"style" and "shriek"—have been fighting it out. We're watching the score, and it's beginning to look like shriek (abstract expressionism, that is) is winning. Neo-expressionism, a kind of raging sea, is nearing high-tide and threatens to engulf everything in its path. Right now in Paris there is an exhibition (at the Cercle Volney) of young German painting; the French answer to this is an exhibition of "experimental" painting organized by the critic Jaguer (Galerie Creuze, Salle Balzac). The quantity of paintings involved is considerable—about a hundred in each exhibition—but their quality is rather less impressive. If I've learned anything at all from the first, it's that Baumeister is still unquestionably the best German painter. One little canvas of his, black marks on a white background, shows skill and insight far superior to that of any of the other painters in the exhibition, including Fritz Winter, Nay and Meistermann. Still, three of Sonderborg's ink drawings are good compositions and something more; and Karl Otto Götz's whirlwind-canvases, well-known in Paris, hold up well by virtue of their sobriety.

At the Galerie Creuze things are even worse. The paintings, most of them too big, are hung in the vast, low-ceilinged basement of a large mansion, and they seem crushed; what's more, they are too close together. Paris has rarely seen such a hopeless mess, and one must look long and hard to find the good things; Jenkins, Wendt, Hosiasson, Riopelle, Matta, Capogrossi, Gillet and many others are represented. A whole room is devoted to Max Ernst; but it is so strange and ill-arranged that it might as well not be there at all. The same is true for a very young painter named Claude Georges (another of Jaguer's discoveries) whose work seemed of no interest until I saw more of it at the Galerie Drouin, rue Visconti: he has real passion, a delicious palette and considerable pictorial ability.

At the Galerie Rive-Droite I found more of the stubborn monochromatic painting of Sam Francis, a young American from the West Coast who has been living in Paris these last few years. This painter (who calls himself a friend of Clyfford Still) manages to cover large surfaces with a unicolored patch a thousand times repeated: a kind of delirious monotony whose poverty is not without a certain grandeur. A comparison of Clyfford Still and Sam Francis would hardly be to the latter's advantage, however. Right now at the Musée d'Art Moderne in the exhibition entitled "Fifty Years of Art in the United States" you can see a canvas by Still: its tension and density show how great is the distance from the green fruit to the



J. Sima: *Paysage*

savory preserve. Georges Duthuit, in a high-flown introduction, endowed Sam Francis with the sceptre of mighty powers and the thunderbolts of Zeus, but it was to no avail; the poverty of his work is only too evident.

On the other slope of modern art I must point out the calm and honest work of Jeanne Coppel (Galerie Arnaud) and the recent accomplishments of Gustave Singier (Galerie de France). The latter is doing his best to work loose from a certain restrictive estheticism: his palette is much freer, and he is very successful in the grays that he seems now to be discovering.

Denise René has an exhibition entitled *Movement*, comprising works by Vasarely, Agam, Jacobsen, Bury and Tinguely. It's Tinguely who has first billing here, with his shocking, quivering, tottering productions, a kind of hand-made clockwork that disarticulates movements and stutters gestures. This Tinguely—a taciturn and rather sullen-looking fellow from Basel—is a first-rate searcher. But then all the objects in this exhibition, droll products of the workbench, are to be respected for their integrity; sometimes, too, they are strangely moving.

Even more moving, for me, was the Joseph Sima retrospective exhibition (Galerie Kléber). This is not just two or three years' work: this is the quintessence of 30 years of inner life where dream and reality mingle in figure or landscape at the very edge of abstraction. Sima was long connected with the surrealist movement and his work was never too well-known, but that is no index of its true value, its uniqueness. There is a quiet fragrance about it, a gently-intoxicated tenderness nowhere to be found but here. Sima is a rare painter, a painter alone, and therefore unrecognized: but only the unrecognized have a future.

Los Angeles

by Henry J. Seldis

In recent years the Los Angeles County Museum annual has caused many controversies. Six or seven years ago "sanity-in-art" inspired painters picketed the show they believed to have been chosen by wild-eyed avant gardists. Last year the division of entries into "con-

servative" and "modern" categories brought sufficiently loud and widespread protests to force the museum to reverse this policy.

However, the current annual and the awards made by its jury promise to continue the controversial nature of this yearly event. Although abstract expressionists in Southern California have had stiff competition for attention by figurative abstractionists à la Lebrun, non-objective and abstract painters have made the most meaningful and widely recognized contribution to the area's cultural growth in recent years. Nevertheless this purportedly representative annual has a dominantly conservative tone and traditional artists have reaped most of the major awards.

Out of 1,422 entries from 875 artists, the jury chose 186 works by 174 artists and gave 17 cash awards. The jury for painting consisted of Thomas Carr Howe, Frederick Sweet and Jack Levine, with Albert Stewart substituting for Levine on the sculpture jury.

The first prize in oils (\$600) went to a competent but unexciting canvas by Albert Nalpas titled *New Poster*, while another top award in this category went to Edward Biberman's pedestrian painting *The Plasterers* which will undoubtedly cause the most criticism of the award selections. Among the abstractionists only Channing Peake was honored for a striking masonite panel titled *Wind Binder*.

Similarly conservative award choices were made in the watercolor category where Lenard Kester's "wet" watercolor was adjudged best in show and by the sculpture jury which give its first prize to the neo-classical ceramic torso by James Hueter.

The dominantly traditional selections made by the jury raises the question whether the museum would not do better in future to invite three jurors with less uniform preferences. Certainly one cannot criticize the jurors themselves for following their personal inclinations. Highly respected in their fields, they had the right and obligation to invoke their own standards rather than to follow predominant regional trends.

In addition to first rate works by such well-known Southern California artists as Hans Burckhardt, Leonard Cutrow, Keith Finch, James Grant, John Paul Jones, Paul Julian, Douglas McClellan, June Wayne, Howard Warshaw and Donald Yacoe, highlights of the exhibition are also provided by some relatively unknown artists. Among these are Robert Thomas, K. Antoyan, Ada Korsakaite, Lee Mazzotti, Taro Yashima, Robert Fleck, Robert Givens and Marcia Shlaudeman.

Most recent addition to the roster of Los Angeles galleries is the American Gallery, directed by John Bauer, in a swank new store in the Statler Hotel. George Biddle, Cornelia Runyon, Beatrice Wood are among the artists the

new gallery represents. In the rather disappointing opening exhibition these three artists provided the most interesting works. Ceramics by Beatrice Wood will be shown this month while three Taos artists will have an exhibition at the American Gallery in July.

Rufino Tamayo, Perry Rathbone and Wright Ludington will constitute the painter-director-collector jury of the Santa Barbara Art Museum's first West Coast biennial for artists of California, Oregon and Washington. Substantial cash and purchase awards will be offered and the entry deadline has been set for August 19. The exhibition will be on view from September 22 to November 6.

actually four-layered it may seem from a distance to be a flat surfaced picture on which the artist has deliberately created the illusion of multiple dimension (through shadowed color)—a reversal of painting's traditional optical tricks. It is also instructive to see how the sculptor has used the darker areas of color as shadows in the modeling of some figures.

Well-suited to their story-telling content is the decorative, stylized design of the panels. Effective repetition of the rhythmic contrast of curved figures set against the straight-lined cross gives formal continuity to the series. The position of the cross, diagonal or upright, directs the movement of each composition, while needed variation is achieved in the changing supplementary patterns and in occasional line detail. Miss Wiley has designed a series in which subject and technique work successfully together to give fresh image to a formal scheme.

The Institute of Contemporary Arts is showing the second section of its three-part series covering major trends in contemporary American painting. Seventy-five prominent artists, mainly of advanced schools, are being shown. First came the abstract expressionists and calligraphists and now those artists classed as organic and geometric painters are surveyed. Later, a third section will deal with "Subjects: Real and Unreal," to range through works by Hopper and Gropper to Pollock.

Unlike the Museum of Modern Art, the Institute has only a few sparse definitions to accompany its pictures. For the present selection organic painting is termed as that style which treats forms of nature and evolves from biology and botany (a definition that could be applied, out of context, to practically any picture in any country in any period). Geometric paintings are styled as those which treat nature's methods and principles of operation, "mainly those of the harmony and balance of mass and motion."

The exhibition is probably confusing to the uninitiated, who may properly wonder about the classification of many of the paintings, and it is undoubtedly skimpy in its representation of the range of organic and geometric picture making today. However, it does offer Washington a stimulating variety of modern works, among them pictures by Hedda Sterne, Alice Trumbull Mason, Randall Morgan, Lyonel Feininger, I. Rice Pereira and Ben Shahn.

A good feature of the show is the material it offers for speculation about and criticism of the experimental nature of this kind of work. Many geometric paintings seem familiar accomplishments in a sterile school. The influence of Mondrian on artists and on advertising, decorative and utilitarian design is now so well established that his followers need to offer far more than an additional variation on an accepted air.

On the positive side, it is the romantic spirit of work in both classes of painting that animates the show. Although many abstract artists, here as elsewhere, strike one as lovers (of a style) without an object of affection, there are others like Marin, Feininger, Pereira and O'Keeffe who are fortunate enough to have found suitable form for their vision.

Franz Bader has assembled a lively theme show at his gallery, with a collection of paintings of "The River and the Bay," all executed for the exhibition. Richard Miller, Helen Rennie, Joe Summerford, John Chapman Lewis and Margaret Appich turned in particularly good studies of some aspect of the very paintable District landscape.

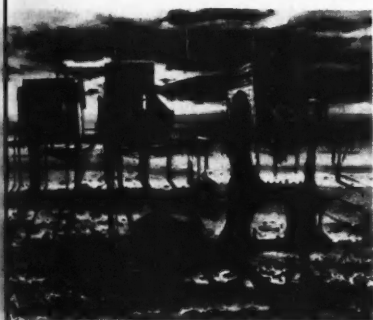
Philadelphia

by Sam Feinstein

Philadelphia's Print Club was organized on a fire escape and housed, almost from birth, in a stable. It needs a new lighting system; it wants more space. Yet the Print Club remains one of the most vital landmarks in the American art scene, its influence extending far beyond this city. In celebrating its 40th anniversary the Club can look back upon the attainment of national and international stature in the graphic arts and look forward, through emphasizing the work of contemporary printmakers, to further growth and usefulness in the future.

The beginning, in 1914, was modest enough: an exhibition of etchings in a private home; another, two years later, in a gallery of the old Philadelphia Art Club. Both shows had been well received, and it was on the fire escape of the Art Club, on a hot spring evening in 1916, that a few prominent citizens decided to found the Print Club on a more permanent basis. Three years later a former stable on Latimer Street, its first floor having been converted to a frame shop, offered its second story as quarters for the Club. It has remained there since, purchasing the building in 1927 and remodeling both floors for its expanded occupancy.

The Print Club charter is both a statement of aims and a prophecy of achievement. Its purpose is "to foster a love of the graphic arts, to unite the print lovers of Philadelphia for social communion on subjects of common interest and better to enable them to render practical service to those engaged in etching and kindred fields of endeavor, by encouraging and stimulating an interest in the work through exhibitions and other such means; and particularly to encourage American artists by furnishing opportunities for them



Lenard Kester: *Ebbtide*

Washington

by Judith Kaye Reed

More and more the rewards of effective collaboration between modern artists and religious organizations can be seen. The *Stations of the Cross*, a series of 14 cement panels by Washington sculptor Irena Wiley, is a good illustration. Shown at the Obelisk Gallery, the panels were commissioned by the Benedictine Monastery near St. Paul, Minnesota and will be set, frieze-like, into the walls of a chapel.

Miss Wiley, who used to work with wood, wanted a medium capable of rich, deep color and impervious to weather hazards. Her experiments led to an adaptation and expansion of the two toned intaglio process in which she pours and models successive layers of colored cement. The finished panels seem large, flat slabs which have been carved deep to reveal differently colored strata beneath.

Most of the panels employ the same color scheme: a white surface cut through to brilliant blue, earth red and a black umber. In all but the *Crown of Thorns*, the background, which is the actual top layer, is white, and against this the lower layers of color gain additional drama.

The technique has many odd surprises: for example, while a panel is

to address and instruct those who care for prints."

To carry out its program the club's varied activities have created a receptive atmosphere for its shows: demonstrations, lectures, receptions, visits to private collections, classes and workshops (with which such well-known names as Hayter and Schanker have been associated as instructors), an artists' assistance fund which has given aid to printmakers by direct purchase of their work in time of need.

But it is the exhibitions which have established the Print Club's great prestige. Not only has it presented outstanding one-man shows by such international figures as Miro, Picasso, Rouault and Kollwitz, but the Club has sent exhibitions of American graphics abroad, in recent years, to such distant points as Sweden and Japan. And, of course, its competitive shows have been focal areas for printmakers everywhere. Prizes are awarded in four annual events, for media (the "kindred fields" named in the Club's charter) which, especially through color, have assumed an importance today surpassing, in some instances, that of its only specifically mentioned print form, etching: woodcuts, wood engravings, incised and relief etching, copper engraving, drypoint, aquatint, mezzotint, lithography and serigraphy.

To celebrate its anniversary the Club is holding an exhibition of prizewinning prints from its first competitive shows, in 1929, to the present time. The contrast between the conservative etching of that year, *Canada Geese*, by Richard E. Bishop, and the vigorous 1955 *Kabuki* wood engraving by Misch Kohn, or *The Pole*, a lithograph by John von Wicht, reveals the dramatic changes in the graphic media since the Print Club's founding.

In the special catalogue printed for this occasion, the statement by R. Sturgis Ingersoll, President of the Philadelphia Museum of Art and an honorary patron of the Club, may sum up Philadelphia's affectionate pride in this organization: "In its relationship with the neophyte and with the experienced collector, with the student artist and the matured artist, the Club has been aristocratic of mind but democratic of heart. I, who have been spiritually enriched by the Print Club through these years, can tender it but thanks, and express expectations of a healthy and vigorous second span of 40 years."

* * *

At the Philadelphia Art Museum two exhibitions, dominated by prints, are being featured just now. One of them, a large group from the permanent collection presented to the museum by the Print Club, and including examples from the 15th Century to the present time, is on display in honor of the Club's anniversary. The other show is a tribute to the memory of the late Curt

Valentin, who had presented numerous works of art to the museum during his lifetime and bequeathed to it, at his death, a bronze by Degas as well as a score of modern prints.

The seemingly universal respect which Valentin enjoyed in his profession was due, at least in part, to his firm search for enduring values in works of art—for quality—and his choices made his New York gallery a key exhibition area for some of the best known contemporary artists: Picasso, Klee, Kirchner, Miro, Braque, Koschka, Moore, Lipchitz, Leger, Beckmann, Marini, Calder, Arp. This museum show of Valentin's gifts is both an eloquent testimony to his generosity and an index of his almost infallible taste.

Nationwide Notes

Boston Arts Festival

The members of the jury for the architectural division of the Boston Arts Festival have announced that Philip Johnson is the winner of the Grand Festival award for architecture. The prize-winning project is the Administration Building of the Schlumberger Well Surveying Corp., in Ridgefield, Conn. The same architect also received two Awards of Merit for the residences of Richard Hodgson and Robert C. Wiley, both in New Canaan. Two honorary awards were also accorded the Architects Collaborative of Cambridge for the James L. Mulcahey School of Taunton, Mass., and for the Trinity Church Fellowship Hall in Natick, Mass. The third honorary mention went to Hugh Stubbins Associates of Cambridge for the Keith residence in Brockton, Mass. Models of the prize-winning projects and a selection of plans and photographs of other entries by New England architects will be on display during the Festival, from June 4-19.

The jury for the Festival's fine arts competition has been announced as follows: John I. H. Baur, Jacques Lipschitz, Sanford B. Low, Henry Varnum Poor, Abraham Rattner, Franklin Watkins and William Zorach. The jury will select about 250 works for display during the Festival from an anticipated 2,000 entries of sculpture, painting and graphic arts submitted by artists from the New England states.

Hilda Katz in Albany

A comprehensive exhibition of prints executed between 1941 and 1955 by Hilda Katz will be held from June 1 to 30 at the Print Club of Albany, Albany Institute of History and Art. Miss Katz' work has been seen in one-man shows in Maine and California, as well as in national and international exhibitions, and is included in many museum collections. The subjects of these linoleum cuts in color and black and white range from the Biblical and mythological, including such monumental works as *Moses on Mt. Sinai* or the *Crossing of the Red Sea*, to the humble and prosaic themes of *Corn Vignette* or *Squirrel in Tree*. Distinguished by excellence of craftsmanship and by the conceptual vigor apparent in the selection and treatment of subjects, these prints are executed in a polished and intricate individual style.—M.S.

Records

by Alfred Frankenstein

Sir Max Beerbohm is the last of the literary mandarins. He is perhaps a lightweight mandarin, but he is a mandarin nonetheless, and he would never dream of compressing the last three words of the preceding clause into the lumpish verbal conglomerate demanded by most journalistic style-books. He is so British that he can no longer abide Great Britain, and he has lived for years in Italy. He is the last man on earth one would expect to find starred in current record lists, but the incomparable Max completes his historic role by being a touch on the unpredictable side, and Angel has just brought forth a record whereon he reads two essays of his own—*The Crime* and *London Revisited*.

The Crime is a fairly old essay dealing with a sin committed by Sir Max himself. He burned a book he had picked up to read on a rainy day in a country house—and in telling about it he subjects the whole commerce of literature to his gentle, self-deprecatory, revealing irony. *London Revisited* is a kind of ramble in the Edwardian London wherein Sir Max was born and comparing it, with a proper mixture of indignation and charm, to the degraded London of 1935, when the paper was written.

Both essays were recorded by Angel last year, when Sir Max was 82. Age has given his voice the quality of fragile porcelain, and this re-emphasizes the fact that he speaks the most beautiful English one is ever likely to hear. As Alan Dent remarks in his notes published with the record, "Choiceness is perhaps the prime quality (if 'prime' for once may be granted a superlative) of the prose of Max Beerbohm: in these discs one is privileged to hear the maestro *choosing* each phrase as it comes." But that elaborate fastidiousness does not dull the point of what Sir Max has to say; it is, rather, of its essence, and is one of the sources of its spirit. Too bad they did not let him record the whole of *Zuleika Dobson*, as he offered.

The art of speech as practiced in America is represented in a big collection released by RCA Victor under the somewhat old-fashioned title, *Poet's Gold*. This consists of three 12-inch LP discs, one devoted almost entirely to 19th century English and American poetry for adults, one to 19th century English and American poetry for or about children, and one to contemporary adult poetry of the English-speaking world. The 19th century records are by Helen Hayes, Raymond Massey, and Thomas Mitchell, and the 20th century disc is by Geraldine Brooks and Norman Rose.

Films

by Vernon Young

The peripheral film—i.e., the film designed for or accessible to a less than mass audience—has been justified by many provocative examples at recent New York showings. Since a lengthy pro-and-con discourse is forbidden me by limits of space, I am selecting a few arbitrary preferences from among three programs at *Cinema 16*.

On a First Films program the most achieved item was Samuel Zebba's *Uirapuru*, produced as an M.A. thesis at U.C.L.A. (1951) but not yet available for general distribution: a 17-minute version of the legend on which Villa-Lobos' tone poem is based. Made in the Brazilian jungle with members of a Maranhão tribe as actors, it is a miraculous little film, revealing a Rousseauistic world (I mean Jean-Jacques) of sunlight on brown nakedness, and the beautiful way-back faces of the Urubu Indians. Zebba's editing of his film to the contours of the Villa-Lobos music is brilliant. Altogether, this is colorfilm witchcraft of a high order and would make a perfect companion-short for one of the Japanese films.

The most genuinely "experimental" films—those which, beside being (possibly) self-expressions, increased the range or intensity of the camera as a psychological instrument—were Stan Brakhage's *Desistfilm* on the same program and Gregory Markopolous' *Psyche*. Brakhage's film, in a disciplined seven minutes, built an expressive rhythm with a sureness of photographic and sound technique rare among young film-makers. His subject was the mounting sexual tension at an adolescent party, the sort of experience in which we have all participated and which we try to forget as an embarrassment contingent upon the tides of March. Brakhage evoked the dynamics in such an interlude by an infallible sense of where his camera should be at any moment and for how long, and by his ability to dramatize the tentative. If he resists further identification with his subject matter, he will be a serious cinematic contender at an early age. *Desistfilm* shows imagination and a critical feeling for accent. The Markopolous movie is in its way a masterpiece of the short subjective film, the closest thing to the Joycean realm I've seen captured by a camera. I'm sure it's a difficult film for the impatient eye but it will reward the flexible spectator. Being less than just to its several ingenuities and successive beauties of transformation, I might summarize it as a cycle of adventure transpiring at the back of the mind, while the personality that houses the mind projects the small-talk of the external world: a poetic macrocosm of desire, rejection,

submersion, pain, death and sublimity rehearsed within the winking of an eye, presented—and this is virtue—not with classical Freudian images but through freshly conceived poetic ones that substantiate the interior ambivalence of the subject. Everything about it, from the couple chosen to enact it—handsome in a centrally acceptable fashion—to the color treatment and the music, is an instance of visionary talent controlled by lucidity of theme. (*Cinema 16* is the distributor of both these films.)

The art-film, another kind of peripheral cinema, was represented with two films directed by Enrico Fulchignoni, art advisor for UNESCO. *Pre-Columbian Mexican Art* (distributor, Brandon Films) is slow getting under way and is burdened by a very Peter Whimsey style of narration at odds with its pristine matter. These limitations aside, the film transforms the tyrannical ugliness of Pre-Columbian sculptures with sanguinary lighting effects and an alternation of mestizo and Indian music, rising to a zenith of jangling sound to accompany the monumental agony expressed by those Aztec figures born of sacrificial terror and relentless style. The same director's *Da Vinci film, Tragic Pursuit of Perfection*, allegedly based on the Vallentin biography, seeks to emphasize Leonardo's duality as disclosed mainly in his drawings. A concluding series of paintings is an anticlimax in the film's structure, although the individual studies are wonderfully lighted. Executed with skill and narrated impeccably by Alan Badel, the film in no way supersedes Luciano Emmer's *Leonardo*, and the orchestration of natural sound (as in the Pre-Columbian picture) to which has been given the fancy term, "musique concrete," seems plainly to have been inspired by the example of the off-scene effects used most notably in *The Titan*. (Distributor: Film Images, 1860 Broadway.)

The Museum of Modern Art Film Library hopes to acquire a print of the remarkable film shown two weeks ago without English subtitles as part of the museum's Living Arts of India program. *The Story of Apu and Durga* is the first film of Satyajit Ray of Calcutta and is something of an historical accomplishment, not only for its director's extraordinary display of film sense in his initial (and two-hour-long) venture but also because, if rumor serves, this is the first film from India to arouse any outside reaction save bafflement. Satyajit Ray, reputedly an admirer of Flaherty and De Sica, has produced a creative essay in naturalism, based on a "novel" concerning the misfortunes (apparently generic) of a Brahmin family in a Bengal village. From both the purist and commercial points of view, the film is perhaps over-long and somewhat protracted in its expository

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Self-caricature of Sir Max Beerbohm

A poem by Louise Bogan recorded by Mr. Rose reminds us that Shakespeare died in bed, having endured the bloody fates of all his heroes. Another fate that Shakespeare has had to endure is translation into American—but perhaps "endure" is not the word. At all events, American speech has its resonance, its rhythm, and its quality, and if English poetry as read by Americans suffers some change in its music, perhaps that change provides some unexpected subtleties, too.

This seems particularly true of the Brooks-Rose recording, which is by far the best of the three. These two people really know how to read poetry; they know how to develop the intricacies of rhythm and verbal color for the ear without losing the thread of meaning, as Miss Hayes and Mr. Mitchell often seem to do. Their anthology, selected by Whit Burnett, includes major and minor poems by Archibald MacLeish, Wallace Stevens, Edgar Lee Masters, Dorothy Parker, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ogden Nash, E. B. White, Hilaire Belloc, T. S. Eliot, Robinson Jeffers, Phyllis McGinley, Richard Eberhart, W. H. Auden, Oliver St. John Gogarty, H.D., Dylan Thomas, and the above-mentioned Miss Bogan. This is a very considerable cross-section of contemporary poetic effort, but it is all handled with great sympathy and insight. The recording is more than an appeal to the new illiteracy.

The Massey-Hayes-Mitchell contributions to *Poet's Gold* is most impressive, it seems to me, for Massey's reading of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, which brings out revealing nuances of accent and emphasis one is not likely to

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Month in Review

American and French Moderns

It seems almost axiomatic today that the radical art forms which assail one generation become the comfort and assurance of the next. Certainly the recent exhibition of paintings at the Wildenstein Galleries by American and French modern masters (for the benefit of the La Napoule Art Foundation) makes the point clear. Covering a period of 20 years (1920-40) in the careers of the artists shown, the work is an adequate indication of their individual talents (and, for that matter, the relative achievements of the French and American pictorial creativity before World War II) but the most striking impact of the paintings is the mood created by their ensemble: one of serenity, of tranquil developments which have escaped rational bounds only recently—or so it may appear to us today.

Picasso and Matisse are seen in great dignity, the Spaniard with contrasts of form: the flat, hard-edged shapes of *The Table* (1919) and the round solidities of his Grecian period in the brown-ocher *Femme dans un Fauteuil* (1922), the Frenchman with contrasts of color—a silvery, elegiac *Meditation* and the hot red singing notes of his *Pineapple and Anemones*. Miro's busy *Tilled Field* of 1923-24 is set off by his simple, lyrical *The Circus* of 1937; Soutine's *Red Roofs* of 1920 prophecies the Abstract Expressionist tendencies which were to occur here a quarter of a century later, without seeming, in its present context, strange or threatening.

Rouault's magnificent *Old King* is shown, as is a rich Dufy, *The Window at Nice*; Braque's brown-grays and blacks govern three canvases that range over two decades; Leger, in his severity, is present, and Bonnard's lovely nuances, his *Checkered Dress* holding the figure's volume against the canvas' flatness through insistent green horizontal stripes which segment the girl's garment.

The Americans may suffer somewhat in comparison as adventurers, but have their undoubted interests. Stuart Davis is a stand-out with his bright, peppy *Hot Still Scape For Six Colors* (1939-40). Edward Hopper gains in stature as Shahn diminishes; Dove's *Grandmother* collage holds up well, as does Hartley's *The Wave*, its water rising heavily, like gray, foaming rock. Marin's *Mid-Manhattan*, with its zigzag lift, and his red-sunned *From the Bridge, New York City* do the master credit. Max Weber's three paintings are grave, muted melodies, and Kuniyoshi is shown in two stages: a 1925 *Strong Woman and Child*, weighty despite its almost poster-like flat areas, and the more ingratiating paint textures of the 1938 *I'm Tired*.—S.F.

Calder

Some of the milestones in the evolution of Calder's mobiles are shown with work of recent years in a dancing firmament of constellations and shooting stars. From 1929 comes the wire *Horse*, a static drawing in space, followed by *Little Universe* of 1931, a wire sphere which bobbles slightly about the fixed axis which traverses it, and the *Calderberry Bush* of 1932 in which disks attached to a spray of wires are set in motion above a pyramid base. From the intervening years come the full fledged mobiles *Gibraltar* and *Morning Star*, the fluttering *Moths*, the star-

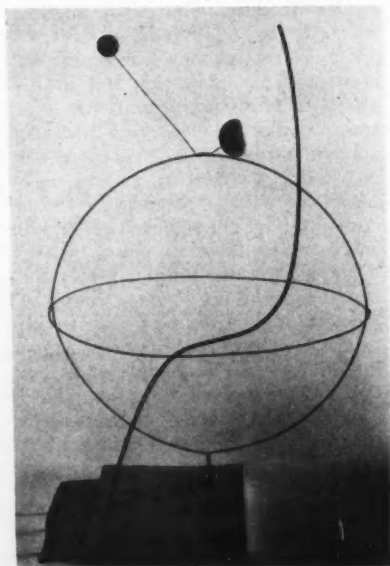


Arthur Dove: *Grandmother*. Collection Museum of Modern Art. At Wildenstein's

ting *Red Lily* and the severe *Widow*. Invention does not slacken with the work of recent years, for each new work is a new creation, marked by fresh discoveries in the realms of four dimensions, from the large swooping black arms of the suspended pieces to the array of miniatures and models, seals balancing mobiles, an ostrich and delightful little sculptures which suggest animals and birds.

With mobile kits on the counters of every dime store, the popular manuals on how to make your own mobiles and the Calder replicas widely available, one marvels even more at the wonders of the originals, the subtleties of such an essentially simple work as *Double Red Polygons*, with its separate flights of vertical and horizontal polygons, each shape slightly varied in the cutting, the calculated differences in intervals, the ultimate balance which make this a work of art rather than just an arrangement of hanging shapes. (Valentin, to June 4.)—M.S.

Calder: *Little Universe*



Drawings

Drawings by modern artists can be as high in quality and as exciting as those by old masters, as this guest exhibition of drawings by contemporary American artists convincingly demonstrates. A group of the artists included here exhibit figure drawings (although many of them paint in an abstract style) bound to please even the most conservative taste and to delight the drawing connoisseur of any period. Wolf Kahn's *Two Portraits* is an example of excellent draftsmanship as well as of penetrating and sensitive observation; Grippi's group of nudes in wash and line on brown paper, and Kerkam's and Cajori's studies of nudes are fine pieces of work. Delicate and exact landscapes by Hartl, Dickinson, Boutis and Ippolito contribute to the impression of the contemporary artist's versatility. Turning to the work which finds its impetus in another kind of vision, one observes equal the dexterity and fluency of line in the abstract drawings. Among these are Pearlstein's lightly shaded tumbling mass of rock forms, Kyle Morris' sparkling black labyrinths, Sennhauser's beautifully drawn graded series of wavy lines. Tom George's softly brushed falling forms and Dugmore's dark intense crayon drawing. Among other inclusions are Lester Johnson's boldly outlined nude, Stefano Cusumano's fragile interior, Robert Conover's semi-geometric abstraction, Sidney Delevante's soundly drawn figure and Vincent Longo's crystalline arrangements of line and form. (Korman, to June 30.)—M.S.

Six Artists at Alan

Six young artists, represented by two or three oils each, are promising colorists, each in his own way a romantic. Giuseppe Napoli in *The Lovers* is a young iconoclast who incorporates the texture of mottled crust on old boards into two crudely outlined male and female figures, emphasizing their nearness with a primitive reverence. Naked and black, they emerge from color passages mysteriously dark, soft and evocative. Seymour Teich and Kenneth Nack are abstractionists who deal with layers of color and movement. George

Cohen's *Kashan* is a vision, a face emerging from a limbo of tinted mist; his other painting is less coherent; ironic collage pieces seem to ridicule the figures. John Gregoropoulos has a design idiom all his own. *Anadoliko* extrapolates the sweep and sharpness of Turkish writing; with only a few light accents against a field of descending darks, he creates a distinct atmosphere. Edward Giobbi is the most illustrative in his conceptions. *Crucifixion of a Child* is tenderly told; the Romanesque simplicity of the composition supports faces and gestures which hark back to an ancient form while expressing their own basic feelings toward each other.

These romantic strains are varied in pitch, but all together, surprisingly harmonious. For each of these lyricists there may be interesting future developments (though one wonders about a Napoli whose realizations seem to be so tenuously achieved and about a Giobbi, lest he become too coy). Between Teich's two oils there is clearly a growth. (Alan, to June 24.)—S.B.

Frank Govan

Sparse calligraphic strokes in watercolor on Japanese paper are deployed to suggest the essential structure and moods of landscape, a few brief verticals for trees, patches of thinly washed color to give depth and atmospheric quality. The smaller paintings such as *Willow* and *Windrose* are almost entirely linear, the lines moving in a lilting, upward direction, filling the space by implication rather than literally, reducing nature's profuse complexities to a bare skeleton of simple and telling motions of the brush. Larger and more elaborate, but still within the strict confines of the artist's disciplined methods of observation and rendering, are such works as *Man Killed*, the felled trees and gaping wounds of a denuded forest in a composition of dramatic diagonals and sweeping areas of color, and *The Wall*, with its vertical linear rhythms against subtly graded horizontal washes. These are paintings of a delicate lyricism, the product of a perceptive eye and sure, yet sensitive hand. (Feigl, to June 4.)—M.S.

National Association of Women Artists

While many of the contributors to the 63rd annual exhibition of the National Association of Women Artists cling steadfastly to the manner of painting learned in academies of art, a large proportion of them have adopted less traditional styles and more experimental techniques so that this show represents as wide a range in style as it does in quality. Among the prizewinners in oils are Margit Beck's *East River Dawn*, which won the Association's medal of honor; Jo Anne Schneider's flat decorative *Still Life*; Greta Matson's robustly realistic *Morning Paper*; *Three Figures* by Lela Axline, a cubist-derived rendering of bathers in a cool grove; Mary Bayne Bugbird's gentle portrayal of

maternal sentiment in *Love without Features*; and Marianne Brody Gaston's lyric, shimmering *Harlequin's Dream*. The medal of honor for watercolor was given to Ada Cecere for her well-designed, firmly constructed *Sculptor's Corner*, while other awards in this group went to Susan Lowey's sparkling *Maine Landscape*, Mary Bryan's dusky profile of the city, *Sundown, Manhattan*, Sylvia Bernstein's slick and dextrous *Wall* and Betty Esman's brittle and charming *Queen Victoria and her Family*.

The medal of honor for graphics was awarded to Doris Seidler's striking abstraction in orange and brown, *Daedalian Theme*, No. 4. Clara Fasano's *Siesta* won the medal of honor for sculpture; some of the other award-winners in this category were Dorothea Greenbaum's *Young Mermaid*, half-concealed in the natural outlines of the alabaster block, Ernestine Joseph's sleek *Dog*, Jane Wasey's *Quattrocento* and Ruth Vodicka's cleverly contrived *Giraffe*. (National Academy.)—M.S.

Jack Gray

This artist's love of the sea is unquestionably all-pervading. The drama of its moods, peaceful morning scenes with the dawn breaking over a lone fisherman, or rough seas fighting a trim, struggling craft are brought to vivid life under Gray's fluent, descriptive brush. Investing his marine studies with a melancholy aura he eloquently captures the isolated separateness of the hardy sailing man's world, where infinite skies and seas, occasionally intruded upon by the welcome gull stretch out endlessly. Among Gray's best works are the *Abandoned Dory*, *Off Cape Breton*, and *Hand Liner*. (Kennedy, to June 30.)—A.N.

Kleemann Group

Recent work by Fritz Winter, Dubuffet and Hann Trier is shown together with some gems by earlier 20th century painters, including Kandinsky's *Festival* of 1904, in which there are indications of the work to come in the treatment of the blue shrubbery in the background, and his *Parc de St. Cloud* of 1906, one of the earliest Fauve paintings, executed in a heavy impasto and delicate shades of violet and green. Kirchner is represented by two crayon drawings of nudes and a strong watercolor, *Man in Cafe*, 1928, a sardonic, yet anxious and stirring work; there are three Klee drawings and a lovely Javlenky of 1916 in which rainbow-tinted dolmen shapes softly jostle each other. Dubuffet's leering head, almost sculpted rather than painted in the thick bed of pigment, is supplemented by two collages. The paintings of Hann Trier, a German whose work has not been shown previously in this country, are similar to those of Winter in the establishment of spatial tensions through essentially linear structures, but where Winter's lines are sharp and depart infrequently from the rigid edge, Trier works chiefly with loops and arabesques. (Kleemann, to June 15.)—M.S.

Akiba

Both in his plaster sculpture and in his painting, Akiba shows himself to be a curious manipulator of form. The formal tensions and contortions of his work stem from Picasso, whose influence most strongly penetrates the paintings. On the whole his sculpture, technically well-conceived, leans toward the descriptive and the ornamental, weakening the plastic structure and sapping significant content. When this is surmounted, as in *Supplication*, Akiba composes sculptural form distinguished for its organic flow and richly expressive emotionality. The still life, portrait and landscape paintings are much more dynamic. (Artists, to June 10.)—A.N.



Indonesian grave figure

Indonesian Art

An extensive exhibition which emphasizes older art forms of Indonesia is currently on display at this gallery through the summer. It reveals two major influences, the primitive and the Hindu-Buddhist cultures, and is perhaps the largest collection of the Hindu-Javanese period ever shown in this country.

Jewelry, stone sculpture (including a rare archaic Javanese figure), masks, ceremonial and utilitarian objects are part of this show, as are a good luck pole for a house on Leti Island, a sword to which is attached figures of magic charms, an early painted wooden dog from Bali, strongly designed temple figure-guardians, Javanese temple lamps, a magic amulet painted with white man-beast figures, a lamp used in shadow plays.

The most impressive objects here are two large wooden grave-figures from Batak Sumatra, which, despite their relatively recent carving (about 60 or 70 years ago) seem very much more primitive in their monumental simplicity. Many of the exhibits are of an esthetically high order, and the show as a whole conveys the imagination and inventive fecundity of the East. (Carlebach, to Sept. 30.)—S.F.

Kandinsky: *Festival*. At Kleemann's



Gorky, Matta, de Kooning, Pollock

These 16 canvases are beautiful and authoritative affirmations of the last decade's achievements. The Gorkys begin with the 1943 *Housatonic Falls*, whose earth colors and rushing white waters are still wedded to a direct vision of nature, and close with the later *Charred Beloved #1* and *Plumage Landscape*, with their visceral imagery, their quicksilver-like pools of elegant, running colors and darting, spidery black lines. If Matta, by contrast, looks facile and mannered in his comparably vaporous spaces and glowing, sugary clusters of color, de Kooning and Pollock hold their own. Pollock's variety is well demonstrated in 4 works, which include the characteristic #3, 1950, a furious tangle of silver paint, as well as such new directions as the monumental *Easter and the Totem*, almost Matisse-like in its broad structural divisions and harmonies of violets, blacks, greens, or the less successful *Four Opposites*, somewhat muddy and sluggish in its densely throbbing color patches. Of de Kooning, there are two of the *Woman* series, scorching in imagery and mouthwateringly succulent in color; the airy and whimsical *Pink Angels*; and the small and perfect *Yellow Boudoir*, a churning network of molten yellows and intertwining blacks which should give pause to those who think these masters are effective only on a large scale. (Janis.)—R.R.

Burri

Whatever have been the achievements of collage in the past, the present "liberation" of the medium into a role equal to that of painting or sculpture has only served to dramatize its essentially inferior capacities. Certain painters, to be sure, have used it brilliantly as a corollary to problems in their

medium; but lately the attempt to justify collage as an independent means has simply revealed its poverty.

Burri is an interesting case in point. When the first of his burlap collages were shown in this country, they stimulated an interest because of their unlikely material and their rough surfaces, which coincided with some dubious American attempts to "dirty up" the surface of abstract painting. Burri's latest work shows how utterly beguiled he has been by this American cant. They also show how, confronted with the problem of what to do when the texture of burlap began to bore him, he settled for sheer decorative chic—there can be no other explanation for those intense red surfaces and flat, black textures which, by a kind of pseudo-painting, he has tried to endow with the impact of his earlier work. The chief connection this work has with serious works of art is that galleries still show it in their company. The act of putting paint on canvas remains the essential problem, and requires the essential talent; Burri is only one of many who choose to evade this issue. (Stable, through June.)

—H.K.

Douglass Howell

"Until custom makes a change," suggests Douglass Howell in referring to his paper-paintings, "one might call the new medium by such a name: Papetries. The work is done while forming the sheet, and it calls for a quick eye and hand. The best is obtained by having the work in your mind's eye, and putting it down, quick, positive, like in watercolor."

Howell is an expert in the making of beautiful papers, and his knowledge of what can be done with this medium, both esthetically and technically, is put to most

effective use in this show of his work. The gathered ridges and puffs of the paper surface are impregnated with soft, often very lovely colors; added textures are produced by bits of textile which are combined integrally within the tapestry-like substance of the paper to give the created paintings a handsome oriental elegance. (Parsons, to June 4.)—S.F.

Riba-Rovira

A Spanish-born artist who lives in France, Riba-Rovira attracted the attention of Gertrude Stein when she returned to Paris after the liberation. She described him as "a painter who does not follow the trend of toying with things Cézanne could not do, but who attacks head on what he tried to do, to create objects which ought to exist for and in themselves and not in relation." In the paintings from the last three years, the objects, whether they are the fruits and jugs of a still life or constructions built of abstract shapes, do have an existence of their own; however, it is a nebulous one, for each shape is threatened by dissolution into the flickering and diffuse light created by the small soft touches and the wavy strokes with which the paint is applied. Both still life and abstraction are beautifully designed, each baroque-contoured shape invented, not imitated, and the color is as sumptuous as the decorative fruits. (Passedoit, to June 4.)—M.S.

William Gambini

Passages of remarkable brushwork, dextrous and feather light but not glib, distinguish a series of canvases which appear more like random notes and studies than works of a considered evolution; fragments rather than complete statements. The strokes are spare and telling, the arc of a rider on the swiftly described horse, the tumultuous sky of *Midwinter*, the blossom-like nude, indicated with a minimum of paint and a maximum of intensity. This first one-man show reveals the artist as a gifted painter, but in the work exhibited he has been content with small virtuoso demonstrations of his gifts rather than attempting to produce paintings of a more profound and complex nature. (Coeval, to June 4.)—M.S.

James F. Ashley

Wide-angle views of New England landscapes, painted with a meticulous craftsmanship which renders light and texture effects with a skilled objectivity. (Grand Central.)—S.F.

Dong Kingman

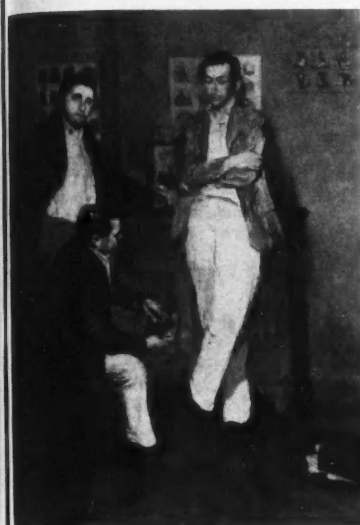
Dong Kingman has recently returned from a round the world tour sponsored by the State Department as part of an intercultural exchange program, and a part of his current exhibition is made up of drawings of the Philippines, Korea, Bangkok and other ports of call. He is close to Oriental art in these black and white sketches in which the line is terse and calligraphic and the placement of the stroke is calculated to order blank areas of the paper as important as those which are filled. These airy and delicate drawings, which include some fine studies of the 125th Street Bridge in New York, provide a contrast to the elaborate watercolors whose multiple layers of signs and symbols pertaining to the industrial landscape are arranged in intricate compositions which present a bewildering puzzle to the eye. (Midtown, to June 4.)—M.S.

Willem de Kooning: *Yellow Boudoir*





Laura Talmage Huyck: "The quiet undercurrent of the eternal rhythm"



David Levine: *Three Painters*

Laura Talmage Huyck

Now approaching her 80th birthday, Laura Talmage Huyck is having her first one-man show since 1932. At the age of 56 and without any formal art training, she began working in pastels, her sole medium. Nature is the inspiration for these works, which revive the American tradition of romantic mysticism. Her landscapes depict the timelessness of nature, its strength and resiliency. Her landscapes also speak of nature's infinite horizon line and solitude. Purified of extraneous detail and limited to a very few grayed tones, hers is an evocative poetry of an inescapably solemn and dolorous mood. Personal writings rather than titles identify each pastel. "The quiet undercurrent of the eternal rhythm" and "A sense of light beyond, full of spacious stillness" adequately describe two of her best. She is not profound, nor does she excel as craftsman or colorist. Yet, she contacts and captivates her audience through a unique imagination and a strange mood. (Parsons, to June 18.)—C.L.F.

David Levine

With one or two exceptions the paintings here are small—less than a foot in the largest dimension—and their pictorial presentations, like miniature stages, are modest in scope. They exemplify the newly revised illustrative painting mode which depends upon story telling or portrait characterization for its major achievements.

Levine's is a sensitive brushwork, thickened or thinned in texture to vary the surface, and almost monochromatic in its subtle



Madeleine Gekiere: *Mermaid with Conviction*

variations upon warm and cool tonalities. It pays homage to such masters as Eakins (*The Entertainer*), Hals (*Langster*), and Vuillard (*Homework*) without seeming to develop enough interpretive power toward its own artistic stature. What is lacking is the vision to penetrate beyond the eye's interests in silent tableaux. (Davis, to June 4.)—S.F.

Paul Haller Jones

Although he has been seen in group exhibitions, this is Jones' first one-man show. He paints with a vigorous, almost Fauvist brushstroke, thrusting his relatively naturalistic forms into expressive placements on his canvases. *Brown Prairie Storm*, in its simple, flatter look, contrasts with *Jungle*, striped with fluttering ribbons of color, to indicate the stylistic variations in Jones' current approach. (Jackson, to June 30.)—S.F.

Ben Eisner

This recent show by a self-taught primitive was distinguished by its cheerful colors, almost sophisticated in their modulated nuances and glazed overlays of tone. Eisner distributes the figures in his compositions so as to achieve a brilliantly spotted vivacity throughout, and, although their drawing is less articulate, his actors manage to seem more real for us than more realistically painted ones. (Riley.)—S.F.

Stanley Kaplan

Out of a series of annual competitions, the gallery has chosen woodcuts by Stanley Kaplan for a one-man debut. This young artist illustrates the city, using his medium in the traditional rough-cut manner, with sympathetic feeling toward figures in the subway, madonnas at tenement windows, a haughty girl carrying books as she passes an idle crowd sitting on a stairway, a tree trunk fenced by iron and concrete, as well as a large public school-like rendition of Thomas Jefferson with a "freedom of enquiry" quotation. Serious, direct and unpretentious, Kaplan's work forms a substantial core for the rest of the exhibition—individual examples in various media by unknowns who have also been selected through competition. (ACA, to June 17.)—S.B.

Madeleine Gekiere

Drawings in ink and watercolor by Madeleine Gekiere, a Swiss artist, are free from any dictates of reality, reflecting her spontaneous response to the visible world. In their elisions, distortions and errant linear patterns, they may suggest Klee, yet the conceptions and their personal development are obviously original with the artist. Purity and precision of line function in creating expressive, often invented forms, a tenuous line enclosing a structural figure, hatchings discreetly applied to add reticent ornamental detail. Miss Gekiere's inventiveness is shown in the wide variations of her designs, which are never repetitive, though often based on similar motives. One of these motives is music, which seems to flow from the musicians' instruments. Animals are a favored theme; two papers of exquisite drawings of birds; a ferocious, brightly-colored, *Wandering Animal*; underwater creatures in their aqueous world; many dogs—all touched by a subtle humor. *Stellar Event*, a group of people gazing upward at a curious brilliance in the sky, evokes the emotions of awe and wonder an extraordinary experience arouses. (Meltzer, to June 6.)—M.B.

Goya

Drawings, etchings and lithographs by Goya form a fascinating array in which not only his genius but his social personality asserts itself in commentary on the world about him. They were executed in different emotional phases of his life—after a severe illness, during the devastation of his country, by the Napoleonic invasion, and later after still another serious illness. Carried out in etching and aquatint, the series of *The Caprices* is probably the best known of his plates. They were announced at the time of their publication as a criticism of "human follies and vices" bearing out the legend of one of the plates, "All the world is a masquerade . . . Everyone deceives and does not even know himself." With their bold decisive line, variations of color from grays to lustrous blacks, with areas of ivory-like pallor, they produce an ineluctable impression of vigorous power in their technical certainty. (The collection is a rare one of first editions.)

The Disasters of War is a grim record of misery and brutality. *The Proverbs* is an enigmatic series, its significance elusive, possibly because of political undertones. It was the last series of etchings that Goya executed. Somewhat earlier are his plates on *The Art of Bullfighting*, a sport of which he was an ardent fan and in which he had probably taken part earlier in his life. (Weyhe, to June 10.)—M.B.

Therese Schwartz

There are traces of Franz Kline in these boldly brushed abstractions, simple and direct in statement. Each canvas, limited to two or three colors structured with a black scaffolding of line, possesses a certain power and immediacy, yet fails in convincing pictorial expression. Without intuitive feel for structure the artist is seldom capable of creating significant form and color tensions sustaining a deeper vitality and plasticity. Nonetheless several of the artist's paintings seem to transcend conceptual weakness and almost assure one she has something to say. They are *Reinforcement*, *Signal and Decree*. (Urban, June 6-25.)—A.N.

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Jon Corbino

Race Morning and *Parade in Morning Light* are good examples of Corbino's familiar style, his exquisite rendering of the transitory effects of light and atmosphere, the veil of poetic suggestivity he casts over each scene which obscures features and details and transforms the figures into phantoms engulfed by the palely tinted ephemeral settings. In other paintings such as *Ann in Yellow* the artist allows greater corporeality to his subjects, but he is still more concerned with delicate surface embellishments than with the defining of mass and substance. *Crucifixion* is an elegant and pretentious work in which the subject is treated in a cold, stylized and dispassionate manner. (Rehn, to June 11.)

—M.S.

Hilton Leech

A winner of the first prize for casein painting at the Audubon Annual, Hilton Leech exhibits paintings more notable for their technique than for their content. The richly glazed surfaces do glow with luminosity and emotional warmth. Often pictorially unconvincing, however, the canvases do not quite manifest a personal, deeply-felt artistic viewpoint. *Cock Robin* and *Mould* are nonetheless exciting for their beautifully encrusted surfaces and inventive manipulation of the casein medium. (Morris, to June 11.)—A.N.

Adele Greeff

Although they lack assurance and consistency of style, Adele Greeff's still lifes display a freshness of vision and obvious pleasure in the process of painting. Her vases of flowers are gay and bright and convincingly rendered; her *Seated Woman in Interior* indicates a willingness to experiment, but the prevalence of black cross-hatching deadens the color in what would otherwise be a fairly lively painting. (Riley, June 2-30.)—M.S.

Alvaro de Silva

Chilean-born de Silva displays something of a Spanish temperament in his painting, although he has spent most of his life in this country and in Eastern parts of the world. The artist's approach is bold and lyric, evincing a love of bright and even vulgar color, of sharply outlined exotic shapes in the still lifes and an expressionism untainted by sentimentality in the portraits. The compositions are original and individually evolved, with bland disregard for rules, and there is a note of sincerity to the paintings even when they are not successful. While a certain excitement pervades canvases such as *Tropical Night* with its reds and yellows throbbing amid the cool greens of the jungle, it is the portraits such as *Woman's Head* and *Helen* which are the most striking. (Panoras, June 20-July 1.)—M.S.

Albinas Elskus and Romas Viesulas

Albinas Elskus, who is a maker of stained glass as well as a painter, uses fragments of richly hued glass imbedded in a thick ground of Swedish putty mixed with oil color, a unique combination of media which exploits the contrasts of opaque and translucent materials, as well as their physical substance, in paintings whose sculptural surfaces have the three-dimensional quality of a relief.

Like Elskus, Romas Viesulas is a Lithuanian-born, European-trained artist who has made his home in this country during the past few years. Working in lacquer, he builds up thicket-like concentrations of lin-

ear strokes which reveal figures and trees and still-life objects within a black maze. Viesulas displays considerable skill in his lithographs in which strong chiaroscuro is used to dramatize the subjects. (Panoras, June 6-18.)—M.S.

Bergman and Morse

Exploiting the properties of casein to achieve a cross between the fluidity of watercolor and the substance of oil, Miriam Bergman paints vaporous semi-abstracts, amorphous impressions of nature with loose drifting forms, accented by contrived dribbles of paint and crisp linear tracery. Her delicacy of rendering and lyric treatment of subject are best seen in the yellow and black *Spring Night* and the nocturnal enchantment of *Carnival*. By contrast, Marjorie Morse is concerned with the definition of structure rather than the establishing of mood through light and color. She works in a restricted tonal range, resolving jagged broken forms into solid and coherent masses, each construction simplified to its essential core, in studious if not profound paintings. (Panoras, to June 4.)—M.S.

"As I See Myself"

These thoroughly delightful paintings are the result of a national competition held among average, as opposed to trained, children-artists, and the given theme, "As I See Myself," has proved infinitely suggestive to the child's mind. There are delicious statements of unabashed egotism (like the one called *Me*); flights of fancy like the pageantry of *I am a Queen* or the shiny-paper glitter of *I Sparkle*; a grim and intense sibling group, *The Family*; or in *A Mirror*, surprisingly coincidental with Picasso's better-known version of the same subject. Visually speaking, these paintings are equally refreshing in their uninhibited shapes and ideas, their bold and unerring color harmonies, qualities, that is, which often parallel the sophisticated simplicities of Klee and Matisse. If it is sad to note that the immediacy and vivaciousness of these pictures seem to diminish sharply in the upper age groups, at least the younger artists invariably beguile the spectator with their authentic, unspoiled voices. (Galerie St. Etienne, to June 4.)

—R.R.

Joseph Lacasse

A set of seven black and white lithographs by a Parisian artist, pervaded, in most instances, by a dotted, mosaic-like texture which recalls the surfaces of Seurat. The forms here are more undulant, however, and the rhythms—curvilinear and almost baroque—create faint suggestions of figure and marine elements within their easy flow. (Wittenborn, to June 11.)—S.F.

John Lavalley

In his first show of watercolors at this gallery (where he has previously exhibited portraits), John Lavalley has chosen subjects from a recent trip through Spain. His compositions are organized rather conventionally, but Lavalley creates atmosphere through delicate adjustments of color tones, rendering his scenes with a quiet drama which does not strain for effect. *Granada*, with its gray-pink light suffusing the dignified interior, is one of his most convincing works here. (Grand Central, to June 3.)—S.F.

Perle Fine

An exhibition of the evolution of a color woodcut, *Wide to the Wind* (awarded a purchase prize in the Brooklyn Annual), shows new stages of its development—from a gouache sketch to a six-color print. Two other final versions, varying slightly in color and printing, offer opportunities for critical comparison. Since it is a well-planned abstraction, the stages are interesting to follow; it becomes quite clear that the white spaces are as actively designed as the printed areas. They interlock with fragmented forms (greyed in their different hues) and a dark mass to create an effect of lightness, of the free sweep of air across a landscape of mountain and plain. (Wittenborn, to June 30.) —S.B.

Soulages

The most striking aspect of Soulages' painting is the luminosity which emanates from a mysterious source behind the broad dark strokes which lie on the picture plane, illuminating the edges of the heavy black bands and conveying the sense of a space barred to access by the intervening mass. The strokes are as deliberate and clean as mallet blows with the same sense of driving energy behind them as they fall into place, one underlying the other in conflicting overlappings which create a shallow spatial tension. The black areas are shiny and thickly plastered, the surfaces varied from mirror-slick to textured ridges, against the thinly painted background. In some paintings there is a mounting velocity to the strokes as they run diagonally upwards in explosive V-shapes, while in others they seem to remain in a static suspension. If it were not for the electrifying contrasts of light and dark, this work might easily grow monotonous through its persistent lack of variation and the severe limitations of the theme. (Kootz.) —M.S.

Ella Grumbacher

A woman who uses colored inks and rice paper in the Chinese style (and, presumably, has copied signs and seals as well) exhibits in her first one-man show familiar birds, butterflies, branches and landscapes that have been brushed with a certain accuracy. (Kortler.) —S.B.

Corelli and Wilner

Vanda Corelli comes from a Sicilian family who have been ceramicists and sculptors for many years, and her own work shows a familiarity with a variety of traditions, although the style she has developed is unique. Working in terra cotta coated with various patinas simulating bronze and other materials, she creates boldly modeled heads and torsos which have a kinship with primitive fetiches in the elongation and symbolical distortion of features and hollowed cylindrical shape like native drums or funerary urns. She does not merely reproduce the forms of primitive sculpture, but uses these forms as the means most suited to the original images she wishes to project.

Marie Wilner's watercolors are richly colored translucent abstractions which constantly seem to refer to nature without ever being specific in their allusions. Always eluding a literal interpretation or a resolution into crystallized patterns, these watercolors suggest rock formations and plant life and shifting forms through carefully plotted layers of color and delicate transitions accented by dark crevasses and feathery concentrations of line. (John Myers Gallery 21, to June 11.) —M.S.

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James Leong

Inspired in part by the figures on tarot cards, Leong deals with such symbolic themes as kings, hermits, hanged men, or motherhood. In these allegorical 'visions, monumental figures appear to be subordinated to a destiny outside themselves, a concept which is given pictorial tangibility by the spiderweb-like mesh of fugitive, iridescent colors which engulf and dissolve these tragic forms. Such is the case in the handsome *Chariot*, a vigorous image of a victor at the agonizing moment when his horses rend his chariot in two, or in the *Mother-God-Love*, where dusky veils of color stifle and decay the dying, angular forms. At times, the sputtering pyrotechnics of Leong's fibrous interweavings of color tend to produce a cloying effect, but at his best, his heroic figures sustain the gravity and power of his conception. (Barone, to June 11.)—R.R.

Wilbur Davis

Super-imposing a deft swirl of curved line upon severe geometrical shapes, Wilbur Davis composes nimble and ornamental semi-abstracts. His most effective compositions are the darkly expressive *Time Exposure* and the white, light-filled *Observatory*. (Crespi, to June 10.)—A.N.

Fulco de Verdura

Snails, nuts, shells and romantic landscapes were rendered meticulously into charmingly framed miniatures in this recent show. (Iolas.)—S.F.

Sherman Raveson

With an eye for the picturesque aspects of Portugal and a technical dexterity that illustrates his subjects with a deft economy, Raveson depicts his landscape and figure themes in muted tones of watercolor, occasionally using semi-opaque washes to add weight to his impressions. (Grand Central, to June 17.)—S.F.

Brittany Group

At 737 Broadway, hurrying business men have been brought to a startled halt by the contents of two windows in a hat-making firm: splashy abstractions have suddenly appeared where mere head coverings had rested before. A modest little gallery, the Brittany, is braving the garment district's stares and—who knows?—perhaps it may lighten its pockets as well. At any rate, Mitchell Kaufman, a young painter who believes in giving young painters a chance to sell their work, has cheerfully hung a dozen pictures with high hopes, low prices and, in most instances, an eye for quality.

Some of the artists represented have been seen in New York previously. Taro Yamamoto, for example, has had a recent show at the Art Students' League, and some of his most effective canvases from that exhibition—*Pastoral Symphony* especially—are included here. Earl Pierce and Charles Littler, who made their solo debuts this season, are also present, Pierce with a brilliant, severe-formed oil and Littler with a handsome collage. Kaufman's luminous *Darkling Plain* is an outstanding canvas here, and Ann Ayvaliotis' poetic watercolor rounds out the group. Together the paintings are colorful foils for each other, and introduce a refreshing note in the otherwise mundane hat business. In time, one hopes, art may go to its head. (Brittany, to June 15.)—S.F.

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Summer Groups

The Downtown Gallery is showing (to June 11) its recent purchases in American art. These include important works by Demuth, Prendergast, Feininger, Lachaise, Graves, Weber, Kuhn and other 20th century figures . . . The Downtown will also show, later in the month (to June 30), recent acquisitions of American folk art. This is a field in which the gallery has specialized, and its current group is high in quality . . . The Viviano Gallery is exhibiting works by gallery regulars (to July 1), including Afro, Mirko, Birolli, Glasco, Perlin and other Italians and Americans . . . The Forum Gallery recently showed interesting work by art students from the University of Florida, including outstanding examples by John Carter, Lee Hackworth, Robert Davidson and Richard Tooke . . . French paintings are featured in the new show at the Van Diemen-Lilienfeld Gallery (to June 30). Works by Vlaminck, Dufy, Chagall, Laurencin and Derain are among the exhibits . . . A show featuring painting, graphics and photography, entitled "Light and Dark," is being shown (to June 15) at the Terrain Gallery . . . Works by Jonnie Greene, Lora Civkin and Yakiv Hnizdovsky are on view at the Eggleston Gallery (June 6-25) . . . Gallery regulars, including Osver, Browne, Durfee, Moy and Nevelson, are included in the Grand Central Moderns group (to June 5) . . . An impressive company of Europeans, including Derain, Utrillo and Bombois is on view at the Galerie de Braux (to June 3) . . . Two group shows at the Kottler Gallery feature new work; in the first (to June 4) Fannie Marks and Hazel Waterman Umland are outstanding; in the second (to June 18) Harry Mathes and John deV. Jablonski are notable.

Arnold Friedman

An exhibition of works by the late Arnold Friedman, the American painter who died in 1946, is currently on view at the Marquie Gallery, 236 East 60 Street, in New York (through June 7). Friedman, who had been a student of Robert Henri, had the curious fate to see his work, toward the end of his life, suddenly collected by many of America's best-known art critics—among them, Clement Greenberg, Walter Pach and Stuart Preston—after a lifetime of living in obscurity. The current exhibition is made up largely of work from his last period, when this belated but enthusiastic recognition was making itself felt.

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WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS

"The Voices of Silence" Continued from page 15

about man, it would be a pure tautology. If, on the other hand, Malraux consistently maintained the second idea of freedom, he could escape the tautology of formalism; but then it would be impossible for him to regard *all* art-styles as expressions of freedom. He would have to confine this category (as in fact he sometimes does) only to those art-styles created by civilizations where the idea of human freedom had meaning.

Malraux's dilemma can be most graphically illustrated by two quotations. On page 73 of the French edition of *The Voices of Silence*, Malraux writes that "the sacred dance in which the Hellenic figure appears is that of man, at last delivered from his destiny." On page 637, however, he writes that "all art is an anti-destiny." In the first quotation Malraux is distinguishing Greek art as a symbol of human freedom from Near Eastern styles that symbolize an inhuman order of subjection; in the second he wipes out this distinction entirely. To be sure, Malraux tries to mediate this contradiction by his brilliant analysis of the psychology of the great creative artist; and he remarks that even if "the creator of masks is possessed by spirits . . . so far as he is a sculptor, he possesses them in turn." But this freedom of the artist in the act of creation does not get beyond formalism; no matter how free the primitive sculptor may be, the values expressed by his work are still those of demoniac possession. And once we are asked to enter into more than an esthetic relation with past styles, we cannot help making distinctions, as Malraux does himself, between those that express human freedom and those that do not.

This is not the place, however, for a detailed criticism of Malraux's views. Not only would this take us into most of the major problems of esthetics; it would also involve the most vital issues concerning the meaning of modern culture. Moreover, Malraux has dramatized these same problems with incomparable force in his best novels, and any adequate discussion of *The Voices of Silence* would have to place it in the context of Malraux's search for a tragic heroism of the human to substitute for supernatural religion. For Malraux's majestic work, far from being a haphazard collection of observations, is in reality an immensely ambitious attempt to base a philosophy of history on the nature of esthetic experience, or rather on the nature of the creative process as disclosed by the extraordinary adventure of modern art. No doubt it has far more glaring holes and blind spots than dozens of timid and conservative treatises; but Malraux's book is so prodigal in insight that it can afford to be prodigal in error.

The Art of Glass Continued from page 17

As in any pendulum swing of taste, there are both advantages and dangers in the new attention to art glass. The advantage is the broadening of esthetic experience through creative experimentation, an attitude allied to today's changing philosophies of art. Artists in all fields are investigating other forms of expression than those established by the academic formulae of modernism. Particularly in the crafts, where the artist is not required to convey a message or statement beyond the statement of the material, has it been possible to provide an extra measure of delight for the senses. Many of our cultural institutions, however, take no chances. Even New York's Museum of Modern Art, dedicated to progressive ideals, is no longer *avant-garde* in the design field, but continues to follow the artificial limitations of a safe but sterile policy. The coffin-like cases in the Museum penthouse (how else can one describe these black boxes discreetly lined in funeral gold silk?) that are used for the display of design

objects remain a miracle of depressing monotony. There is no doubt, of course, that greater freedom allows more leeway than the medicine esthetic for mistakes and breaches of taste. Design can be booby-trapped by an infatuation with its own originality, as has been demonstrated in the past three years in Italy. There is also the danger that proper objectives may be lost again and the hardwon appreciation of the material disappear in pretentious and *tour de force* effects. However, the ultimate judgment of glass design will always be made on the delicate matter of fitness of expression to medium, as well as on the sensitivity and imagination of the artist. Regardless of changes in style, this malleable, ductile, fragile and brilliant substance, with its infinite subtleties, will continue to be one of the most satisfactory instruments of esthetic pleasure known to man.

1905-1913 Continued from page 13 though we can see now that in both quality and influence it remained tangential to the main stream. Indeed, it is interesting to note how often American painting, from Cole to the Armory Show, parallels the periphery rather than the center of the European development. This was one of the reasons for the impact of 1913.

Lawson and Prendergast present a different problem. When the impressionists were first shown here in 1886, George Inness (who was born when Corot was painting his first pictures), still objected to their work, and to suggestions that the romantic mood he strove for was related to their broken, analytic style. But now both Lawson (born into the generation of Matisse) and his elder contemporary Childe Hassam, were working as calm and tender, but subdued impressionists, viewing the world through the screen of an esthetic diffusing glass. Their work raises the perpetually perplexing romantic question of the connection between pioneering discovery and emotional intensity.

Critic's Notebook

Continued from page 4

of the Whitney Studio Club, opened in 1918 on West Fourth Street as a meeting place for artists and for exhibitions of their work. While the membership was mostly of young artists, it also included many older liberal ones outside of the academic fold and eventually some within it. The first Studio exhibitions were competitive, but in 1917 a policy of no awards was adopted, with any money contributed for prizes allocated to purchasing works from the exhibitions.

The Club, outgrowing its Fourth Street quarters, moved in 1923 to West Eighth Street next to the Whitney Studio, and later for two years to 10 West Eighth Street. In 1928, the club, feeling that its objective of aiding liberal artists had been realized, while the local galleries were beginning to absorb the work of the younger artists, disbanded. Its place was taken by The Whitney Studio Galleries, no longer an artists' association, but an exhibition gallery concentrating on one-man shows of young artists. But feeling that this was a "half-way house," since the dealers were better equipped for selling art, Mrs. Whitney decided that the need

Continued on page 34

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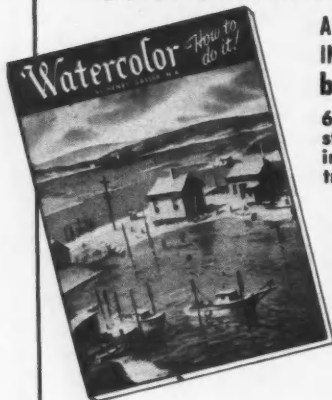
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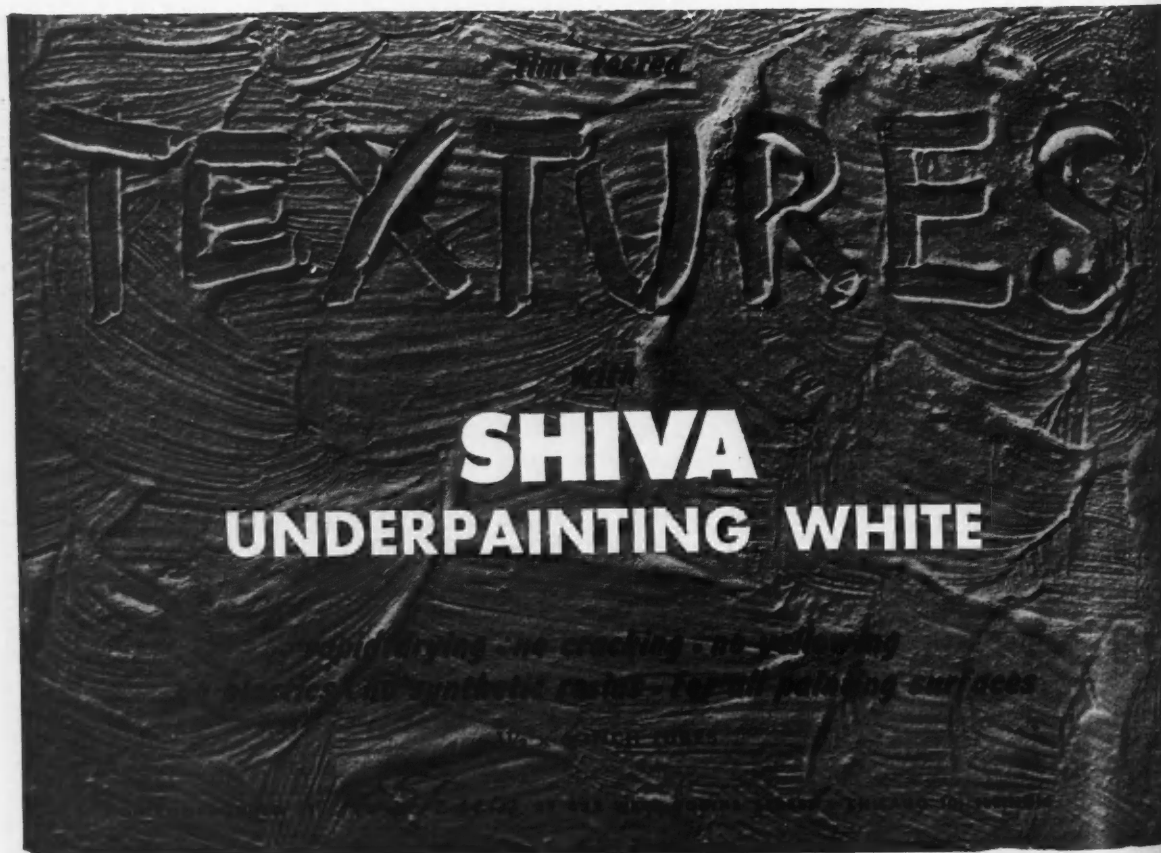
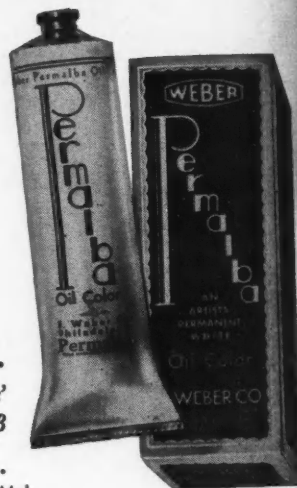
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Auctions



17th century French tapestry.
on auction June 15-16.

June 2-3, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English 18th and 19th century and other furniture. Paintings and drawings from various schools, including *The Pancakes* by Albert Neuhuys, *The Proposal* by Otto Erdman, a pair of paintings by a follower of

Daniel Seghers, *Harbor Scene* by Marco Ricci and *The Sisters* by Jerome Myers. Etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, Dürer, Whistler and others. Currently on exhibition.

June 9, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Garden furniture and sculptures, including Japanese stone garden ornaments. Exhibition from June 3.

June 15-16, 10 A.M. On the premises of "Florham," Convent, N. J., auction conducted by Parke-Bernet Galleries. Chippendale and other Georgian furniture, English color prints, mainly from the 18th century, decorative paintings and Oriental rugs. The Louis XIII Barberini-Ffoulke *Rinaldo and Armida* series of tapestries, comprising eight large panels and two *entrefenêtres* in excellent condition. The tapestries were executed in the royal ateliers of Paris before 1662 and were presented by Louis XIII to Francesco Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VIII. Exhibition on the premises of "Florham," Convent, N. J., June 13-14. The estate, residence of the late Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, will be open to the public, June 13-16, at an admission charge of \$1, the proceeds to be given to the Community Service Society, the Society of the New York Hospital, and the Hospital for Special Surgery, New York.

Films Continued from page 21

scenes. But as one's Western nerve-ends relax, the veracity and poetry of the subject cast their spell. We are drawn into the pitiful crawl of low-level Bengalese existence. Satyajit Ray has learned all the standard film techniques—recessional compositions, dissolves, symbolic cuts—and employs them with accumulative confidence, giving us shots of rare natural beauty to relieve the static simplicity of the "story": bullocks grazing in a vast meadow of plumed grasses, skaters and dragon-flies sporting on a pond (synchronously with Ravishankar's strange musical score), rain pelting a dense forest of lily-pads—and one memorable scene where the grieving mother begins to scream her anguish and a blood-curdling flute-cry is substituted. The uncommon stillness with which these people otherwise convey the crises of their bald existence—from the old crone in the last slow drip of years to the six-year-old boy, handsome as a young Krishna—is a significant part of the movie's quality. Ray's debut may be mango to the general, but the conditioned filmgoer will have recognized a new and welcome talent in the act of discovery, unfolding the cinematic possibilities of a country teeming with photogenic rhythms of beauty and misery.

Records Continued from page 21

discover for one's self on the printed page. The readings of Miss Hayes and Mr. Mitchell do not do much for the poets, although Whitman's "There Was

a Child Went Forth" is so moving and overwhelming a work of literature that it stirs Miss Hayes to something more than her usual jog-trot. In addition to the *Rubaiyat* and several poems by Whitman, these discs contain works of Keats, Poe, Yeats, Browning, Southey, Kipling, Gray, Longfellow, Swinburne, Blake, Stevenson, Holmes, Whittier, Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Kipling, Coleridge, Julia Ward Howe, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The unparalleled singing voice of Rosa Ponselle comes forth in unexpected garb in another RCA Victor release called *Rosa Ponselle Sings Today*. Miss Ponselle, who became one of the greatest stars of the Metropolitan Opera after very little training and practically no experience, has lived for many years in retirement near Baltimore. Some of her old recordings have been reissued, but this is a new recording made last year, and it demonstrates that the Ponselle legend is completely correct—she gave up her career because she had had enough of it, not because her vocalism was slipping. The new record is almost as brilliant as the old ones, and in things requiring a broad, sustained line the grandeur and nobility of Miss Ponselle's style are incomparable. Her magnificent dramatic and interpretative gifts are also present here in telling and vivid fashion. Highlights of the collection are Lully's "Bois Épais," Chausson's "Le Temps des Lilas," Brahms, "Von Ewigem Liebe," Schubert's "Erlkönig," and a song called "Mir Traumte von Einem Königskind" by a little known composer named Richard Trunk.

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Mahwah, New Jersey
ART PROJECT SPONSORED BY THE ART COUNCIL OF NEW JERSEY AND THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY. Exhibition to be held at Mahwah Plant of Ford Motor Co. in 1956, dates to be announced. Open to all artists. All media; subject matter must bear directly on operations at the Ford Motor Co.'s assembly plant, Edgewater, N. J., or the plant now under construction at Mahwah, N. J. Participating artists must register with Art Council, which will arrange sketching dates. Fee: \$2. Juries; awards. Write to Art Council of New Jersey, Box 176, Ramsey, N. J.

Newport, Rhode Island
44TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ART ASSOCIATION OF NEWPORT. August 6 to 31. Open to living American Artists. Media: oils, prints and small sculpture. Juried by members of Exhibition Committee. Fee: \$2 to non-members. Entry cards due July 9; work due July 16. Write to 44th Annual Exhibition Committee, Art Association of Newport, 76 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

New York, New York
MORRIS GALLERY SUMMER GROUP EXHIBITION. July 12-30. Open to all artists. All painting media. Jury. Awards: one man shows. Entry fee: \$3. Work due July 7-8. Write to Morris Gallery, 174 Waverly Place, New York 14, N. Y.

New York, New York
RECENT DRAWINGS, U.S.A., Museum of Modern Art. Sponsored by the Museum's Junior Council. Exhibition to be held in spring of 1956. Open to all artists who are permanent residents of the U. S. Media: drawings (a work executed in black or one color on paper substance). Selection to be made by the museum staff. Entry fee: \$3. For three drawings. Entry cards due by Nov. 1. Write to Junior Council Drawing Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

New York, New York
ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA 42ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Academy Galleries, Oct. 27-Nov. 13. Media: oils, watercolor, sculpture. Entry fee: \$4. Jury; prizes. Receiving day: October 13. For information and entry blanks apply Mr. David Humphreys, 450 East 63rd Street, New York 21, N. Y. Phone: TE. 8-9284.

Oakland, California
WESTERN SCULPTURE AND PRINT EXHIBITION, July 9 to August 2. Open to all printmakers residing in the U. S. and to sculptors residing in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Jury; awards. Small insurance charge, no entry fee. Entries due June 22. Write Olive Miller, Oakland Art Museum, Municipal Auditorium, 10th and Fallon Streets, Oakland 7, California.

Regional

Baton Rouge, Louisiana
14TH ANNUAL LOUISIANA STATE EXHIBITION sponsored by the Louisiana Art Commission. September 11-Oct. 2 at the Louisiana Art Commission Galleries. Paintings, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, crafts. Open to all Louisiana artists. No fee. Jury, prizes. Entry cards and work due Sept. 2. For entry blanks and information write to Jay R. Broussard, Director, Louisiana Art Commission, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge 2, La.

Clinton, New Jersey
2ND STATE-WIDE EXHIBITION. Hunterdon County Art Center. Open to New Jersey artists. Media: oils and water colors. Jury, prizes. Entries due August 6. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

Lenox, Massachusetts
SCULPTURE WORKSHOP EXHIBITION. August 1-August 10 in the Lenox Library Garden. Open to sculptors living in the Berkshires. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry blank and work due July 10. Write to Franc Epping, The Sculpture Workshop, Cliffwood Street, Lenox, Mass.

Memphis, Tennessee
5TH MEMPHIS BIENNIAL, Dec. 2-25. Paintings, sculpture, graphic arts. Jury, prizes. Entry fee: \$2.00 per entry. Work due: Nov. 10. Natives or residents of Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee eligible. Write to Louise B. Clark, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis, Tennessee.

New Orleans, Louisiana
ART ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS 21ST AUTUMN ANNUAL, Isaac Delgado Museum, Oct. 2-25. Open to members of the Association. Membership open to all artists; \$5 annual dues. All media. All entries exhibited. Prizes. Entries due before Sept. 24. Write Delgado Museum of Art, City Park, New Orleans 19, La.

Sonoma, California
3RD ANNUAL GOLDEN CHAIN ART EXHIBITION, July 24 to Aug. 7. Open to all artists living or having worked in the Mother Lode. Media: oils, water colors. Entry fee: \$1. Prizes. Entry blanks due July 1. Entries due July 5. Write Mother Lode Art Association, Box 1394, Sonoma, California.

Washington, D. C.
SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON ARTISTS 52ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, June 15 to July 7. Media: oil painting and sculpture. Open to members of the organization and all artists in Washington area. Jury, prizes. Work due on June 4. For entry blanks write to Lisa O. Asher, 2034 Tunlaw Road, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.
FIFTH BIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC ART sponsored by the Kila Club of Washington, to be held Sept. 1 to 30, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution. Open to artists residing in District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, to foreign artists, and by invitation to other American artists. Media: pottery, ceramic sculpture, tile, enamel, and stained glass. Jury; awards. Award winning pieces eligible for inclusion in National Collection of Fine Arts. Entries due on August 19. For entry blanks write George Beishlag, 2044 Ft. Davis St., S.E. Washington, D. C.

Critic's Notebook

Continued from page 31

was for a museum devoted exclusively to American art, with the accent on contemporary work.

The foundation of the Whitney Museum of American Art was announced in January 1930. Mrs. Juliana Force, who had been associated with Mrs. Whitney since 1914, was appointed director, with a staff of three curators. In November 1931 the museum was opened in four remodeled houses on West Eighth Street, its handsome decorative appointments a contrast to the then prevailing formality of such institutions. Mrs. Whitney presented to it her more than 500 works of art, which she later supplemented by works of artists not previously represented. Mrs. Force's dynamic personality and her apparently inexhaustible energy complemented Mrs. Whitney's reserve and modesty; together they worked in unison to stimulate contemporary artists through exhibitions at the museum, through purchases of their works and through traveling exhibitions.

After Mrs. Whitney's death, Mrs. Force carried on the work courageously until her illness and death in 1948. It had long been felt that new quarters were essential, not only for increased space, but also to gain a location nearer the city's art center. Aware of this situation, the Museum of Modern Art offered to donate part of the land on West Fifty-fourth Street as a building site. This generous offer was accepted and the new museum was opened in November 1954 at 22 West 54th Street, providing greater exhibition space, more flexible galleries, with movable partitions, and improved storage facilities. Its staff consists of Herman Moré, director, Lloyd Goodrich, assistant director, John I. H. Baur, curator, and Rosalind Irvine, associate curator.

Calendar of Exhibitions

ALBANY, N. Y.
June 6-20: Russo; Kysor. To June 30: H. Katz.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
June 3-24: Mus. Coll.
ATLANTA, GA.
June 15-July 15: Amer. Color Prints.
BALTIMORE, MD.
June: Liturgy & Arts.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
June 18: W. Brice.
June: Mod. Fr. & Amer.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
June 5-30: E. Heckel; Cont. German.
BOSTON, MASS.
June 18: J. Bernhardt.
June 4-17: Invited Exhibition during Boston Art Festival.
June 26: F. Egginton.
June 31: Corcoran Biennial.
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.
June: G. Teller.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
June 12: 50th Anniv.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
June 13-29: L. Rubenstein Retros.
June: Inst. of Tech. To June 26: Jacques Lipchitz Sculpture.
CANNES, FRANCE
June 6 Aug. & Sept.: Matisse.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
June: High School Ann'l.
CHICAGO, ILL.
June: Chinese Ptg.; To June 12: D. Dehner; June 2-July 4: Artists of Chicago and Vicinity Annual.
June: Group.
June: Hans Erni.
June: Group of Contemporary American Artists.
June: Dean Meeker.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
June: Wcol. Soc. Ann'l.
CLEARWATER, FLA.
June: Perm. Coll.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
June: Commencement Ex.
June: Dance in Art.
CLINTON, N. J.
June 18-July 10: Members' Ex.
COLUMBIA, S. C.
June 5-30: Wildlife & Sports in Art.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
June 10-July 10: Spaeth Coll.
DALLAS, TEX.
June: Guggenheim Mus. Loan.
DAYTON, OHIO
June: Scalmandre Textiles.
DENVER, COLO.
June 12-Aug. 3: Western Artists Ann'l.
DES MOINES, IOWA
June 15: K. Knaths.
DETROIT, MICH.
June 12: Dsgn. in Scandinavia.
EAST LANSING, MICH.
June 10-July 5: Ann'l MSC Student.
EVANSTON, ILL.
June: Mod. Amer. & Eur.
FLORENCE, S. C.
June: Acquisitions.
HAGERSTOWN, MD.
June: S. Woodward.
HARTFORD, CONN.
June 21: Diaghilev-Lifar Coll.
HOUSTON, TEX.
June: Camera Club.
HYANNIS, MASS.
June 21-July 8: Members Open.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
June 12: Ceramic Biennial.
ITHACA, N. Y.
June 19: C. Graphic Art.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
June: Burnap Pottery Coll.
LEXINGTON, KY.
June: Student Ann'l.
LINCOLN, MASS.
June: Cont. Corp. Dsgns.; Boston Printmakers.
LONG BEACH, CALIF.
June 26: 17th C. Dutch.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
June 15-July 15: Austrian Drwgs. & Prints.

Cowle June: P. Flores.
June: French Graphics.
June 13-July 2: J. Treiman.
June: A. T. Jinnie (Navajo Art).
June: Anc. Amer.; Mod. Fr.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
June: Scholarship Winners.
MADISON, WISC.
June: Russian Ptg.
MANCHESTER, N. H.
June: T. Tudor.
MILWAUKEE, WISC.
June 10-July 22: E. Garrison.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
June 22-July 31: "Family of Man."
June 12: R. Wood.
MONTCLAIR, N. J.
June: 20th C. Amer. Ptg.
MONTREAL, CANADA
June 4-19: Ukrainian Artists.
NEWARK, N. J.
June: Met. Mus.
June: "Arms & Armor."
NEW YORK, N. Y.
June: Museums
June: Eastern Pkwy) To June 12: Watercolor Biennial; To June 26: Print Annual.
June: Cooper (Cooper Sq.) To June 17: 19th C. Jewelry.
June: Guggenheim (5th at 88) June: Giacomelli.
June: Metropolitan (5th at 82) June 22-Sept. 16-19th C. Persian & Turkish Textiles; Assyrian & Persian Art; Word Becomes Image; Baroque Orch.
June: Arts of India; To Aug. 7: The New Decade; To Sept. 5: Paintings From Private Collections; To Sept.: Japanese House.
June: Whitney (22 W. 54) To Aug. 7: "The New Decade"—35 Amer. Artists.
Galleries
June: A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) June 3-30: Art Directors Club.
June: A.C.A. (63 E. 57) June 6-18: S. Kaplan; Comp. Awards; June 24-July 2: Annual Competition.
June: Alan (32 E. 65) June 2-24: Gallery Collection.
June: Argent (67 E. 59) To Oct. 3: Closed.
June: Artists (851 Lex. at 64) To June 9: E. Akiba; To Sept. 9: Closed.
June: A.S.L. (215 W. 57) Instructors' Work.
June: Babcock (38 E. 57) June: 19th & 20th C. Amer.
June: Barone (202 E. 51) To June 11: J. Leong; June 13-July 2: Group.
June: Barzansky (1071 Mad. at 81) Summer Group.
June: Bodley (223 E. 60) To June 18: M. Boyer.
June: Borgenicht (61 E. 57) June 6-30: L. Baskin.
June: Brown Stone (146 E. 57) June: Cont. Ptg.
June: Cafe Riviera (7th at Sher. Sq.) To June 9: H. Anton, J. Stevenson, A. Sappé.
June: Caravan (132 E. 65) Cont. Ptg.
June: Carlebach (937 3rd at 56) To Sept.: Indonesian Art; Chessmen.
June: Carstairs (11 E. 57) Fr. Ptg.
June: City Center (131 W. 55) Cont. Art.
June: Coeval (100 W. 56) June 5-July 2: R. Kaupelis.
June: Contemporary Arts (106 E. 57) June 6-July 31: New Work, Sponsored Group.
June: Contemporary Foreign (37 W. 57) Cont. Europ.
June: Davis (231 E. 60) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Downtown (32 E. 51) June 7-30: Gallery Purchases.
June: Durlacher (11 E. 57) June: Cont. Group.
June: Duveen (18 E. 79) Old Masters.
June: Duveen-Graham (1014 Mad. at 78) 19th & 20th C. Masters.
June: Egan (46 E. 57) To Aug. 31: (Tues.-Fri. 1-5) Mod. Ptg. Sculp.
June: Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) June 6-25: Spring Annual.
June: Eighth St. (33 W. 8) Cont. Ptg.
June: Feigl (601 Mad. at 57) Amer. & Europ.
June: Ferargil (19 E. 55) Contact F. N. Price.
June: Fine Arts Associates (41 E. 57) Fr. Ptg.
June: Forum (822 Mad. at 69) To June 30: Univ. of Texas.
June: Four Directions (114 4th at 12) Cont. Art.
June: Fried (40 E. 68) June: J. Lacasse.
June: Galerie Chalette (45 W. 57) Fr. Group.
June: Galerie De Braux (131 E. 55) Amer. & Europ.
June: Gallery G (200 E. 59) To Sept.: Cont. Ptg., Sculp.
June: Galerie Moderne (49 W. 53) To June 7: M. Stojanovich; To June 30: Cont. Amer. & Fr.
June: Galerie St. Etienne (46 W. 57) To June 11: Nat'l Exhib. Child. Art.

June: Gallery 75 (30 E. 75) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Gallery 21 (21 E. 63) To June 11: Corelli; Wilner; June 14-July 2: L. Powell.
June: Ganso (125 E. 57) To June 18: Group.
June: Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) June 7-17: S. Raveson.
June: Grand Central Moderns (120 E. 57) June 6-24: G. Johnson.
June: Hall of Art (534 Mad. at 55) Amer. & Europ.
June: Hansa (210 Cent. Pk. S.) Cont. Art.
June: Hartert (22 E. 58) Amer. & Fr.
June: Heller (63 E. 57) June: Group.
June: Iolas (46 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Jabu Enamel (400 W. 57) June: Miniatures.
June: Jackson (22 E. 66) To June 11: Mod. Group; From June 13: P. H. Jones.
June: James (70 E. 12) To Sept. 30: Closed.
June: Janis (15 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Jorgen (241 E. 60) June: Group.
June: Karnig (19½ E. 62) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Kennedy (785 5th at 59) June: Jack L. Gray.
June: Kleemann (11 E. 68) To June 15: Summer Ex.
June: Knoedler (14 E. 57) Cont. Ital. Ptg.
June: Kornan (855 Mad. at 69) June: Drawings.
June: Kottler (108 E. 57) Group.
June: Kraushaar (32 E. 57) June: Cont. & Europ.
June: Library of Paintings (28 E. 72) Amer.
June: Lilliput (231½ Eliz.) Woodman et al. By App'l.
June: Marquie (236 E. 60) A. Friedman.
June: Matisse (41 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Meltzer (38 W. 57) June 6-Sept. 26: Japanese Prints.
June: Mi Chou (320-B W. 81) To July 2: Choy; Li.
June: Midtown (17 E. 57) June 7-30: Group.
June: Milch (55 E. 57) June: Amer. Artists.
June: Morris (174 Waverly Pl.) To June 11: H. Leech.
June: New (601 Mad. at 57) Fr. & Amer.
June: Newhouse (15 E. 57) Old Masters.
June: Panoras (62 W. 56) June 6-18: A. Elkus; R. Viesulas; June 20-July 1: A. De Silva.
June: Parma (1107 Lex.) Group.
June: Parsons (15 E. 57) June 6-18: L. Huyck.
June: Passadotti (121 E. 57) June 6-July 16: "Highlights '54-'55."
June: Pen & Brush (16 E. 10) To Sept. 10: Watercolors.
June: Perdama (110 E. 57) Group.
June: Peridot (820 Mad. at 68) To July 16: Group.
June: Perls (1016 Mad. at 78) June: Mod. Fr.
June: Pettie (129 W. 56) Europ. Ptg.
June: Pielino (127 Macdougall) Groups.
June: Regina (254 W. 23) June: Mex. Child. Art.
June: Rehn (683 5th at 54) To June 11: Corbino; To June 30: Group.
June: Riley (26 E. 55) June 2-30: A. Greeff.
June: Roko (51 Grnwch) To July 3: Group.
June: Rosenberg (20 E. 79) Fr. & Amer.
June: Saldenberg (10 E. 77) June: Rhoden, Sculp.; Mod. Ptg.
June: Salpeter (42 E. 57) June: Group.
June: Schab (602 Mad. at 57) Rare Prints.
June: Schaefer (32 E. 57) Fact & Fantasy.
June: Schonenman (63 E. 57) Mod. Fr.
June: Sculpture Center (167 E. 69) Cont. Sculp.
June: Segy (708 Lex. at 57) African Sculp.
June: Seligmann (5 E. 57) June 6-24: C. Gray, R. Anliker, R. Florsheim.
June: Silberman (1014 Mad. at 78) Opening June 1.
June: Stable (924 7th at 58) Burri.
June: Sudamerica (866 Lex. at 66) Cont. Ptg.
June: Tanager (90 E. 10) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Terrain (20 W. 16) Cont. Ptg.
June: The Contemporaries (959 Mad. at 75) June 1-30: Prize-Winning Graphics.
June: Urban (19 E. 76) June 6-25: T. M. Schwartz.
June: Valentin (32 E. 57) June 4-30: Group.
June: Van Diemen-Lillienfeld (21 E. 57) June: Mod. Fr.
June: Village (39 Grove) To June 17: Sculp.; Drwg.; June 20-July 8: Photog.; Sculp.
June: Viviano (42 E. 57) June: Ptg.; Sculp.
June: Walker (117 E. 57) To July 1: Group.
June: Wellons (70 E. 56) To Sept.: Closed.
June: Weyhe (794 Lex. at 61) To June 10: Goya Prints.
June: Wildenstein (19 E. 64) June-Aug.: Fr. Old Masters; Amer. 19th C.; Eng. Sporting Ptg.
June: Willard (23 W. 56) June: Group.
June: Wittenborn (38 E. 57) To June 11: J. Lacasse; June 13-30: P. Fine.
NORFOLK, VA.
June: Museum June 10-Sept.: 7 Contemporary.
OAKLAND, CALIF.
June: Mills To June 12: Students.
June: Museum June 11-July 4: L. Goldin.

OBERLIN, OHIO
June: Allen Mem. To June 13: Marin; A. Carles.
ORONO, ME.
June: W. Peirce; V. Hartgen.
PALM BEACH, FLA.
June: Kastra; Cont. Art.
PASADENA, CALIF.
June: Museum June 10-July 10: H. Warshaw; To Aug. 30: Scheyer Coll.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
June: Carlen To June 11: Joseph Stapleton.
June: Coleman June: Cont. Fr. & It.
June: Little: Cont. Fr. Ptg.
June: Lush To June 8: Student Ex.
June: Mack June: Group.
June: Pa. Aca. To June 15: 19th C. Amer. (Karolik).
June: Schurr June: House of Voigtlander.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
June: Carnegie To June 12: M. Eklind.
PITTSFIELD, MASS.
June: Museum To June 26: Wool.
PORTLAND, ORE.
June: Museum To June 26: C. Gleason.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
June: Art Club June 14-25: J. Herbert.
June: Dey Gosse To June 18: New England Artists.
June: School of Design To July 8: Student Ann'l.
READING, PA.
June: Museum June 5-19: "Ars Medica."
RICHMOND, VA.
June: Museum: Perm. Coll.
ROANOKE, VA.
June: Arts Center To June 14: Amer. Ptg. Highlights (AFA).
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
June: Univ. To June 12: Regional Comp.
ROCKLAND, ME.
June: Farnsworth June 6-30: J. Fitzgerald; F. Wellsman.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
June: Crocker To June 26: Kingsley Ann'l.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
June: Museum June 10-July 3: Goya.
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
June: McNay; Perm. Coll.
June: Witte To Sept.: Perm. Coll.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
June: Arts Gallery To June 26: O'Hara; M. Hyde.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
June: De Young; Perm. Coll.
June: Museum To June 12: 3 Cont. Sculp.
June: Ruthmore June: M. Sheets.
June: Six To June 25: H. King.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
June: Museum To June 26: Beckmann; June 28-Aug. 7: Frascini.
SANTA FE, N. M.
June: Museum To June 30: R. V. Hunter Mem.
SEATTLE, WASH.
June: Dussanne June: Utley.
June: Museum June: Archaic Chinese Jades.
June: Seligman: Cont. Amer. & Europ.
SIOUX CITY, IOWA
June: Art Center June 14-July: Amer. Color Print Soc.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
June: Smith To June 26: Craftsmen Guild.
TOPEKA, KAN.
June: Mulvane To Aug.: Guggenheim Loan.
URBANA, ILL.
June: Univ. To Sept.: Undergraduates Ann'l.
WAKEFIELD, R. I.
June: Spectrum To June 18: K. Forman; D. Weissmann.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
June: Aden: Cont. Amer.
June: Corcoran To June 26: Jewish Ter. National: Rosenwald Coll.
June: Phillips To June 30: Marin Mem.
June: Wash. Univ. June: L. Crespo.
June: Whyte June 6-July 1: I. Amen.
WESTBURY, N. Y.
June: Gallery June 7-28: "Sunday Painters."
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
June: Norton June: Ceramic Ann'l.
WESTPORT, CONN.
June: Kipuls To June 10: C. Cobelle.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
June: Art Center June 8-30: "Studio Group" Anniv.
WINNIPEG, CANADA
June: Gallery June 15-July 31: Japan Woodcuts.
WOODSTOCK, N. Y.
June: Meltsner; P. Meltsner.
June: Parnassus June 26-July 9: Cont. Group.
June: Rudolph June: Group.
WORCESTER, MASS.
June: Museum To July 3: Art School Ann'l.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
June: Butler July-Sept.: Ann'l Midyear.



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